

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 9, No. 32 (The Sheppard Publishing Co., Ltd. Proprietors.)

Office—Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, JUNE 27, 1896.

TERMS: Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (In advance), \$2. Whole No. 448

Around Town.

The result of the elections of Tuesday astonished most men who are willing to admit that anything ever astonished them. Some are so constituted that they will never own up that they are taken by surprise. If an earthquake were to suddenly tumble this city into ruin, these men would tell each other, through thousands of tons of brick and mortar, that when the shock came they were just wondering "why it didn't earthquake." Apart from these people the astonishment was profound when the returns came in. If, for one, was not prepared to learn that Manitoba, which was being coerced, supported the Government, while Quebec, the cause and source of the policy of coercion, opposed the coercionist Government. To be able to foresee these results a man would not only need to have foresight, but he would require to be able to see around all sorts of corners.

Men who take the trouble to think must applaud the result in the Province of Quebec. The people of that province declared their electoral freedom on Tuesday. The bishops who drove them to the polls were defied—not in a few localities by a few advanced individuals, but nearly all over French Canada. It was nothing short of a revolution against spiritual interference in temporal affairs, and the Church, with its wonderfully retentive memory, will not soon forget the reverses it sustained on the 23rd of June, 1896. It will not do to say that candidates on both sides in Quebec took identical ground on the school question, for the fact stands that never in the history of Canada did the Church throw itself so unreservedly and violently into a political campaign. Every threat that could terrify, every appeal that could move the *habitant* was employed in favor of the Conservative candidates. Even in Ireland the bishops have not ventured to issue such a mandate as the hierarchy of Quebec put forward with all arrogance. It will not do to say, either, that it was a victory of race over creed, that men voted for Laurier because he was French rather than for Tupper because the Church blessed him. Even were this true, it would not detract from the importance of the freedom gained on Tuesday, for it means, even yet, that the Church does not own the people of Quebec, body and bones. It is legitimate for a race to be proud of a brilliant son, but in the past the bishops of Quebec have claimed the right to say which son the people should be proud of and why they should be proud of him, and so controlled the sentiments which elsewhere create nations, but which here, manipulated to the purposes of the Church, have always frustrated efforts at the building up of a nation.

Very much against his will Wilfrid Laurier was forced into a position of antagonism to the church of which he is a member. He either had to retire from the leadership of his party or he had to fight the alliance of the Church and the Tupper Government. He fought them both, and he won. To the declaration of freedom in political matters which he so eloquently made on the floor of Parliament, scores of thousands of his compatriots appended their mark of approval in the polling booths of Quebec on Tuesday. That manifesto of the laity in response to the mandate of the bishops is mightily signed. The power of a layman's name, the popularity of a favorite son, could not alone have compassed the amazing result in Quebec, but Laurier's cause was every man's cause, for while we have been looking towards Quebec and saying "Hands off Manitoba," the electors of the French province have been looking at the bishops and sullenly muttering, "Hands off us."

The contest in and about Toronto had many interesting features. Hon. N. Clarke Wallace has buried out of sight many others beside Mr. John Brown, who beklomed to himself to enter public life, and Mr. Samuel Pratt, the mysterious unknown, who will henceforth, owing to a campaign witticism, be known as Mr. Samuel Flatt. There are men in Parkdale holding tickets for a feast that will never take place.

In Center and East Toronto and in East York the results are significant too. When people are in a positive mood they look for leadership to positive men. A non-committal person is an abomination to a man who is in earnest. He doesn't like to hit him, for he may be a friend; and he doesn't like to trust him, for he may be an enemy. Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn tried to be just enough of an anti-remedialist to get re-elected, but without doing Sir Charles Tupper any harm. He was very adroit and balanced himself well, but this was the one year in this generation when a man to

find favor had to be something more than politic. Mr. Emerson Coatsworth had the misfortune to come under Government influence before public feeling became dangerous, and it appears that he had not the stamina to hold out against persuasion—for a weak man may weakly submit to be directed in a certain course, and then adhere to it with much stubbornness to save himself from "self-despiscery." Mr. W. F. Maclean carried himself valiantly in the House and held consistently to an independent course, but in the campaign he made the mistake of allowing his newspaper to support that very Tupper whom he had personally repudiated, so that the newspaper man and his newspaper were irreconcilable. The electors were in the same quandary as the tramp who looked at a dog which stood in a gate snarling and wagging its tail, and said: "I don't know which end of that dog to believe."

This sort of thing is considered slick under

Sir Charles Tupper he allowed himself to be nominated by a half-witted convention that saw no absurdity in endorsing both McNeill and Tupper. Had Mr. McNeill demanded that the Conservatives of North Bruce should stand by him as unreservedly as those of East Grey stood by Dr. Sproule, and had they refused, he could have retired with dignity, an unbeaten man.

The real triumphs of this election are these: (1) The bishops will never again be treated with as the manifest and absolute proprietors of Quebec in the political sense. (2) The rural constituencies of Ontario have discovered that the cities are open to conviction in a political issue, and that it is no longer fashionable to vote for a "yellow dog" who runs in the party name. (3) Political leaders have learned that they must get their instructions from the party, and not issue instructions to it as a huntsman speaks to his hounds. (4) Civil servants and all

Wroxeter, the arrangement having been made through the instrumentality of the superintendent of the Ontario Department of Neglected and Dependent Children. In response to the item in these columns a lady in Grafton wrote offering to take one of the girls for the summer, but the other arrangement had already been made. It does a man good to know that there are people ready to respond to pleas made in behalf of unfortunate children. It is comparatively easy for an exceedingly rich man to donate a large sum of money to some charitable purpose, for after all it demands of him nothing but the work of signing a cheque. His comforts are not reduced, his ease is not encroached upon; he really surrenders nothing that is necessary to himself. He does not look at it in this light, however, and no other person so views it, and his charity is extolled in public places. On the other hand, the family that opens its doors for the summer to a city waif must sacrifice much that is real. The child must be cared for; it is

circumstances, goes out on a tour diffusing sympathy and expending advice, is not an ideal man; but, as a rule, men are readier with their silver than with their services. Most families would rather pay the board of a deaf and dumb waif for the summer at some retreat, than open the door and share the comforts and ease of the home with the little outcast. Therefore it does a man good to know that there are families ready to sacrifice the routine of home-life for charity's sake, for it is one of the hardest sacrifices that could be demanded of a man or woman.

The Children's Aid Society have no doubt many other children for whom they would like to secure opportunities to spend a few weeks in the country. I am told that there is one boy aged ten who has only one leg and is not very robust in health, for whom a permanent home has long been desired. Those anxious to secure

boys have always passed him over because he is maimed, and several institutions have, for the same reason, refused to admit him. His is a hard lot. There seems to me no speculation into which a rich man could enter that would yield more wholesome interest than to pick up such a boy as this and float him out on the sea of life with sails properly set and a fair wind. Whether he turned out well or ill, his benefactor would not be at fault. He might turn out well. When Toronto was a village a man here adopted a waif from England and gave him schooling. That man's sons did not amount to much, but years ago the adopted boy came home from New York, where today he is, I believe, a wealthy retired merchant, and, finding how matters stood, provided for his foster-parents until they died, and had them buried with all respect, as a handsome stone in one of our cemeteries bears witness. This case may be exceptional, yet when a boy is old enough to realize what is being done for him he is not likely to forget it. The kindnesses done him live forever strongly outlined against the unforgettable hardships of his loveless childhood.

Hon. John Beverley Robinson was a fine type of the better-class Canadian. He possessed physical and moral courage and held in contempt those who sought to reach their ends by devious paths. He loved athletic sports and politics—contests of any and every kind in which courage, skill and agility played a part. In Mr. J. E. Hall's book, *Sixty Years of Canadian Cricket*, we are told that in the first match played in Canada between competing clubs, John Beverley Robinson took part. This game was played at Hamilton between eleven players from that town and eleven from Toronto, in 1834, and Mr. Robinson was then a boy of thirteen and a pupil at Upper Canada College. For long years thereafter he continued to play cricket. In his prime he was one of the best boxers in the country, and he has done more for athletics, perhaps, than any other man in the province. He was a successful man and in his success there is for young men the lesson that the staunch and upright man succeeds.

The death of Sir Leonard Tilley being announced so soon after the defeat of the Government suggests the idea that, so far as Canada is concerned, the new century opened on Tuesday. Sir Leonard was, of course, an able man, as were many others who belonged to his period, but a new generation has arisen and most of those heretofore prominent in public life have been removed either in due course of nature or by the little unpleasantness of Tuesday. With the exception of Joly, the men spoken of as Mr. Laurier's lieutenants in Quebec are comparatively new to Dominion politics. While the Conservatives had half a dozen French-Canadians fighting for the right to be considered chief men from Quebec, Mr. Laurier was, on his side, indisputably the biggest man from his province. His supremacy was unchallenged. It is not likely that Sir Charles Tupper will much longer continue in public life. Sir Frank Smith, Sir John Carling, Hon. John Costigan, Sir Mackenzie Bowell and a dozen or more men of about the same age who have been conspicuous in the Conservative party since Confederation, are almost certain to now pass out of public life. While I write it is being stated that Sir Richard Cartwright will proceed to England as Canadian High Commissioner to succeed Sir Donald Smith. This means the retirement of Sir Donald to the tranquillity of private life. It also means, if it is true, something that would have seemed incredible a short time ago—a Liberal Administration without Sir Richard Cartwright in the Cabinet. But Sir Richard is so constituted that he will probably extract a vast and continuous joy from holding down the chair in



NO COERCION.

ordinary conditions, but it will not do when a serious issue is up for settlement. At such a time the smooth, elusive, crafty man is regarded as a trifler whose candidature is an affront to the public. John Ross Robertson went into the fight without reserve. He did not sort his words. He was affirmative in his beliefs. He typified the indignation of East Toronto. When an earnest mood seizes upon the people of a country the man who comes to the front is the assertive man, the man who throws a shadow when he walks in the sun. The new member for East Toronto is that sort of man. McKinley, the Republican nominee for the Presidency of the United States, whose portrait is given on another page, is another such man. He seems to possess no large degree of genius, but he is a positive quantity and makes every man he meets a friend or an enemy. Toronto to-day has four parliamentary representatives who do credit to the city. They are not men who can be dropped into ready-made niches, but all four are angular men who will shape their own surroundings. This city should now, at last, have some voices in national discussions and some weight in the national council.

Speaking of Messrs. Cockburn, Coatsworth and Maclean, it may be said that Mr. McNeill of North Bruce was another man who made a mistake. After being read out of his party by

employees of the nation have learned, or will learn, that offensive partisans walk the plank with a change of administration. (5) Members of Parliament who betray their constituents and accept the bribe of office, have learned, or will learn, that a new Government can expose the venality of bargains made and send them back disgraced and naked into private life. (6) Finally, politicians, Grit and Tory, have learned that the electors of Canada can and may rise up at any election and shape the result to suit themselves despite all the leaders, civil servants, heelers, mandemands, bulls, chairmen, gerrymanders and roarbacks possible or imaginable. These are the triumphs of the campaign and they are important.

The Liberals will very likely resent any suggestion that they are to partake sparingly of the fruits of victory, but I cannot refrain from reminding them that their success is due to Conservative votes—that the leaders of the Government party forced the voters of that party to defeat the Government, and that the National Policy is not necessarily condemned, nor the country necessarily in love with trade theories that were not pushed into prominence in the contest that has just closed.

The two deaf and dumb girls referred to in this paper a few weeks ago have found a home for the summer with a kind family at

London so long occupied by his life-time adversary, Sir Charles Tupper. Sir Richard has all the instincts of an old-fashioned English gentleman, a truth that is well known to those who are acquainted with him in a social way, and, while he has been the target for political sharp-shooters for eighteen years, his instincts have undergone no change, so that he should make an ideal High Commissioner. In London his economic principles will be accounted very sound. The free trade air of England will agree with him, and whenever he makes a speech he will be applauded. Sir Oliver Mowat bids fair to survive all the large men who were his contemporaries, but just what brief part he will play in Federal politics is not yet clear. Both parties must draw in new men. It is inevitable and fortunate. For years there has been a semi-stagnation somewhere along the channel of supply, and men could not get forward unless they could prove that they assisted in drawing up the Act of Confederation.

MACK.

Social and Personal.

St. John's church, Port Hope, was on Tuesday the scene of a fashionable and very pretty wedding, when Miss Seymour was married to Mr. Herbert Mullens of Toronto. The bride looked more than usually her lovely self, and was attired in a rich gown of pearl gray brocaded poplin, with trimmings of white *chiffon*, and wearing a tiny French hat to match. An immense bouquet of roses added to the very handsome appearance of her costume. She was given away by her cousin, Mr. Arthur VanKoughnet. Her bridesmaids were Miss Sybil Seymour and little Miss Cumberland, who wore daintily beautiful gowns of white muslin with ribbons of pink, and large white picture-hats, and carried bouquets of pink roses. Mr. Aubrey Heward was best man. After the ceremony a reception was held at the picturesque residence of Mrs. Seymour, Idalia, where Mr. and Mrs. Mullens received their guests under a flower-bell, the drapings and curtains of a bow window making an attractive background, whilst masses of roses, water-lilies, palms and banks of flowers added to the brilliancy of the rooms. Many and various were the beautiful presents, a large number coming from Mr. Mullens' native place, Newberry, Eng. Amongst the invited guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Barlow Cumberland, Mr. and Mrs. E. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur VanKoughnet, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Naceuloch, Mrs. Benjamin Seymour, Mrs. S. J. VanKoughnet, Mrs. Macray, Mr. B., Mrs. and Miss Parsons of Toronto, Mr. and the Misses Daintree and Mr. S. Cornell of Cobourg, Judge and Mrs. Benson, Miss Benson, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Ward, Miss Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Woodhouse, Mrs. and Miss Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Burnham, the Misses Burnham, the Misses Hugel, and Mrs. and Miss Scott of Port Hope, Messrs. Bogert, Evert, Nordheimer, Pearse, Whitehead, Spencer, Griffin, Heward, Collinson and many others.

A very pretty wedding took place on Wednesday evening at All Saints' church, the contracting parties being Miss Gussie Colby, second daughter of Mr. Thomas Colby, and Mr. Hector M. Grant. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. H. Baldwin, and amid showers of rice and a profusion of good wishes the happy couple left for the East. On their return Mr. and Mrs. Grant will take up their residence at No. 80 Macpherson avenue.

The social event of the season in Port Perry was the marriage on Tuesday afternoon last of Blanche Ethwynne, only daughter of Mr. David J. Adams, to Mr. Hibbert Glencross Hutcheson, of the Western Bank there. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Joseph Fletcher, rector of the Church of the Ascension, which was beautifully decorated with palms and flowers for the occasion, the work of the girl friends of the bride. The blonde beauty of the bride was resplendent in a wedding gown of white duchess satin and lace, and the regulation wreath and veil. She carried a large bouquet of bridal roses, and wore as ornaments a rarely beautiful set of family jewels, emeralds and gold, the gift of the groom, who inherited them from the Hibberts. The bride was given away by her father and attended by little Miss Helen Davy of Chicago, in white silk and pink trimmings, as maid of honor; and by Miss Edith Adams of Ambleside, in cream silk and pearl trimmings, with large white hat trimmed with ribbon and flowers, and by Miss Maud Anne of Whithy, in Nile green silk and pearls, with black tulip picture hat and plumes, her cousins, as bridesmaids. The bridesmaids carried bouquets of pink roses. The bride wore a diamond ring and the bridesmaids gold rings set with opals, gifts of the groom. Mr. R. G. Baird was groomsman. Mr. Herbert Adams and Mr. Douglas Adams, brothers of the bride, acted as ushers. A reception at Spruce Villa, the home of the bride's parents, followed the ceremony in the church, the guests being refreshed under a *marquee* tent on the lawn. The presents were numerous and beautiful. The happy couple left for a trip down the St. Lawrence.

The Sisters of St. Joseph in charge of the House of Providence desire to express their sentiments of gratitude and obligation to all who assisted in making their recent picnic a success. Special thanks are due to the ladies who by their untiring efforts procured refreshment tables, and to the gentlemen who by their unflagging ardor so ably worked up the amusements. Appended are the receipts from the different parishes: Our Lady of Lourdes, \$221.31; St. Basil's, \$220.00; St. Helen's, \$90.78; St. Joseph's, \$80.33; St. Mary's, \$321.00; St. Michael's, \$307.40; St. Patrick's, \$300.81; St. Paul's, \$441.65; St. Peter's, \$88.40; admission and other sources, \$956.33. This makes a total of \$2,989.99, and when the expenses, \$310.60, are deducted there remains the handsome balance of \$2,679.33.

The season at old Niagara-on-the-Lake is beginning now in earnest. The first hop will be held this evening at the Queen's Royal Hotel, and a large and fashionable attendance is promised. On Dominion Day there will be a special hop, and for cyclists a special rate is offered by the hotel from Tuesday afternoon to Thursday morning. The Queen's Royal will be a great rallying place for fashionable Buffalians.

nians on the following Saturday, which is the Fourth of July. The Cleveland Bicycle Company has charge of the bicycle school and livery in connection with the Queen's Royal and will commence operations at once. The instruction will be given in the large pavilion on the Queen's Royal property on the lake shore, which affords ample space for instruction and is cooled by the fresh breezes from the lake. For those who desire to master the art of wheeling amid the quietest and pleasantest environments, nothing more delightful could well be devised, for Niagara is with its beautiful scenery and splendid roads is becoming quite a cycling center of the country. On July 14 the Canadian championship tennis tournament begins and continues for the remainder of the week. A special concert, a tennis cotillion, and other diversions are arranged for the week, which is sure to be one of the most enjoyable gatherings.

The death of Hon. John Beverley Robinson which occurred so suddenly last Friday night in the basement of Massey Music Hall, where he had gone to speak at Sir Charles Tupper's meeting, removes one of the most interesting and distinguished figures from Toronto society. He was one of our most influential men ever since Toronto claimed the name of city, and he is mourned sincerely by all who knew him, for to the last he was energetic and useful. The funeral occurred on Monday. At Beverley House a quiet service was performed, and then the procession marched to St. James' cathedral, where Bishop DuMoulin, assisted by Rev. J. P. Lewis of Grace church, conducted the funeral ceremony. The casket, placed on black pedestals near the altar, was then arranged so that the great concourse of people could pass it and get a last view of the strong face of one who was every inch a man whom, in life, the timid could follow and upon whom the weak could lean. The interment took place at St. James' cemetery. The following gentlemen acted as pall-bearers: His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir William R. Meredith, Sir Oliver Mowat, Prof. Goldwin Smith, Mr. Alexander Manning and Mr. Thomas Shortiss. In the procession to the cemetery were the Mayor and members of the City Council, officers and members of the Toronto Athletic Club, of which deceased was president, and hundreds of our most prominent citizens.

Miss Edith Laura Hewetson, daughter of Mr. John Hewetson of Toronto, was married on Wednesday to Mr. Adam Clark, also of Toronto, at St. Matthias' church, Rev. F. G. Plummer officiating. After the reception at the house the happy couple left for the East with the well-wishes of their numerous friends.

On Wednesday evening the Island Amateur Aquatic Association elected their officers and organized for the season. Their pretty club house at Center Island will be the scene of their opening dance on Saturday evening, July 4. The officers elected were as follows: President, Capt. H. V. Knight; vice-president, G. E. Macrae; second vice-president, W. K. McNaught; captain, R. L. Cowan; secretary, R. L. Gagen; committee—Messrs. James Craig, Harry MacLaren, A. L. Eastmure, C. Cambie, Gerald Wade, G. Clarkson, Jack Wilson, C. Goldman, S. Cameron, C. Consul, V. Chadwick and W. Bradshaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan A. Rose have given up their home at 30 St. Mary street and are now at Hanlan's Hotel on the Island.

Things are very lively at the Toronto Canoe Club, the floats being crowded night and morning with paddlers. The handicaps for the tandems and fours were posted on Saturday night, and all the crews are now hard at work. For the fours the time is short, as the trial heats are to be paddled off to day, when there will be some close races for a place in the finals at the regatta on July 4. The crew for the war-canoe race in the civic regatta is at work and will get in some great work on Dominion Day. The representative tandem and four are also in evidence and will be heard from at the same time and place. Altogether there is feeling in the T. C. C. that if hard work counts for anything, the "boys" will give their friends some great races on July 1 and 4.

The Canadian Road Club (bicyclists) have elected the following officers: President, D. Densmore, Tourists; first vice-president, H. A. Dean, Deseronto; second vice-president, W. W. Beaton, Winnipeg; secretary-treasurer, S. J. Schulte, Toronto; chief centurion, A. E. Walton.

Arrangements are being made for sending delegates from Canada to the Irish National Convention, which will be held in Dublin on September 1. His Grace Archbishop Walsh has consented to be one of the delegates.

Miss Trixie Greiner of Saginaw is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Fred C. Armstrong of Ontario street.

Messrs. William J. Mitchell, Thomas W. Rea and F. Judd Kennedy of the Toronto Bicycle Club leave this evening by the Empress of India for Rochester, from which place they intend wheeling down to New York city and also visiting Philadelphia and Atlantic city, N. J.

The engagement of Miss Mary Blaikie and Rev. W. G. Wallace was incorrectly announced last week, the name of Miss Florence Blaikie being given in error. I regret this and hasten to set matters right.

I am not under the same restraints as the critic who writes of sporting matters on the sixth page of this paper, and so I can jubilate over the phenomenal victory on Wednesday of the Canadian College Cricketers at Trinity against the eleven from Havercroft College and the University of Pennsylvania. It was to have been a two-day match, but the whole thing was ended early the first day, although the second day was utilized, too, in order to save the public a disappointment. There was much rejoicing on the Trinity campus when Mr. Laing and Mr. Wadsworth began tumbling alien wickets, although, mind you, Mr. Morris gave up palpitation of the heart by hitting Mr. Laing's first bowl for six and his second for four, whereupon the languorous but forceful bowler sent the daring stranger's wickets flying

in all directions. Quite a lot of society people were present, but there was by no means so large an attendance as there should have been, for Philadelphia is always gracious to our boys when they go to the Quaker City. However, the good people of Trinity made the visitors welcome and practiced every art of hospitality in their behalf.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor, Mrs. Kirkpatrick and a jolly party of ladies and gentlemen have accepted invitations to spend Dominion Day in Penetang.

Among those who are at the West End of the Island for the summer are: Mr. and Mrs. Victor Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. R. Lockhart, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wade, Major and Mrs. Sankey, and Messrs. Cartwright, James Craig, A. Archibald, Harry MacLaren, Gerald Wade and C. Armstrong.

On Wednesday last the home of Mr. Ambrose Kent on Walmer road was the scene of a quiet and pretty wedding, on the occasion of the marriage of his only daughter, Ida, to Rev. T. E. Egerton Shore. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. F. Ockley, assisted by Rev. W. F. Wilson, in the presence of a few intimate friends. The bride was beautifully attired in white silk with orange blossoms, and carried a magnificent shower bouquet. The bridesmaid, Miss Emma Bugg, cousin of the bride, was gowned prettily in Nile-green silk. The groom was attended by his brother, Mr. Allan Shore. The young couple amid hearty congratulations left for a trip to the White Mountains and sea-side.

Have you seen the delightful Rastus in the window of the Pantheon? It is the life-size figure of a barefooted colored boy seated on a stool, his face wreathed in a most engaging smile. Beside him, painted on a large card, is the remark: "Mr. Robertson is going to get me a job in the post office." Everyone is in love with Rastus and he is being gazed at continually by people who smile almost as broadly as himself.

Rev. Archdeacon Mills of Montreal came up Wednesday and registered at the Rossin House.

Messrs. William and Harry Morice of Harvard, who came up to play in the International Intercollegiate cricket match at Trinity, will remain in the city for a week, the guests of their uncle, Mr. D. Morice of Cowan avenue.

The Toronto Athletic Club tea, which was postponed on account of the death of Hon. John Beverley Robinson, will be held on Wednesday, July 8. Tea will be served by Mrs. Walter S. Lee and Mrs. H. M. Peillat.

Mr. and Mrs. George Buckland Brown have returned from their wedding trip and are residing at Loughbreeze, 1497 Queen street west. Mrs. Brown will be at home to her friends the second, third and fourth Thursdays in July.

Many will regret to hear of the death of Mr. Giuseppe Gianelli, which occurred on Wednesday from blood poisoning, the result of an accident. The deceased had seen active service in the Sardinian Royal Navy and took part in several engagements. In 1860 he was wounded at Palermo, and for bravery received a medal and a pension for life. Mr. Gianelli came to Canada in 1868. He was a brother to Chevalier Gianelli, the Italian Consul here.

Rev. Dr. Marling of New York, an ex-pastor of Bond street Congregational church, is visiting friends in the city.

Yesterday was prize day at Bishop Ridley College, St. Catharines, and quite a party of friends of the pupils went over by boat, and many others by train.

The Toronto Public School annual games will take place to-day on the Exhibition Grounds. There will be great excitement among the school children, and the games are well worth seeing. Luncheon will be served at one o'clock.

Mrs. Robert Walker's friends were sorry to hear of the accident which befell her while out driving the other day. Mrs. Herbert Walker and child were also in the carriage at the time of the runaway, but fortunately escaped without injury.

The Misses Lawler left on Thursday for New York, where they sail by the Cunard steamer Umbria on June 27 to spend the summer in Europe.

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in all directions. Quite a lot of society people were present, but there was by no means so large an attendance as there should have been, for Philadelphia is always gracious to our boys when they go to the Quaker City. However, the good people of Trinity made the visitors welcome and practiced every art of hospitality in their behalf.

Miss Rella M. Sims returned home, 86 Jameson avenue, from Miss Lawder's ladies' boarding-school, Montreal, having passed a creditable examination in her various studies.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Patterson's silver wedding last Saturday evening was a very pleasant affair. The house and grounds were handsomely decorated, and refreshments were served by Webb in a *marquee* on the lawn. Telegrams of congratulation were received from friends in Winnipeg, Vancouver, Victoria, New York and other places, and letters from many who were unable to be present owing to important political engagements. A happy feature of the proceedings occurred when the groom presented the bride with a massive silver bracelet and a good conduct medal, which latter was greatly admired by all the other matrons present. The bride was also presented with a silver tea-set by her children. There were about one hundred and fifty guests present—including both bridesmaids at the original wedding—and among others I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. John Akers, Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Barclay, Mr. Walter Blight, Mr. John Burns and Miss Burns, Mr. Robert Crean and the Misses Crean, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Carter and Miss Carter, Mr. A. Cruickshank, Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dunnet, Mrs. Dean of St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. E. King Dodds and Miss Dodds, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Ellis, Mrs. W. H. Ellis, Miss Ellis, Mrs. William Eckardt, Miss Eckardt, Miss Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. Atwell Fleming, Mr. and Mrs. H. Goodman, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hillok, Mr. Fred Heath, Mrs. Henderson of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. F. Hellier, Miss Mabel M. Hellier, Mr. J. E. Hulett, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Irving, Mrs. James, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. H. Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Lancaster, Miss H. K. Legge, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Macpherson, Mrs. John Macdonald, Mr. D. G. Macdonald, Mr. R. C. McHarr, Miss Martin, Mr. James Murray, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Murray, Miss Murray, Major and Mrs. F. F. Manly, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Patterson, Miss I. Patterson, Miss M. A. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Price, Mr. and Mrs. H. Piper, the Misses Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reid, Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Rice, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Rose, Mr. E. E. Sheppard, Miss A. E. Storm, Miss Rose Sheppard, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. William E. Wickens, Mr. A. S. Wigmore and Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wilkinson.

Mr. E. E. Sheppard sailed on steamship Friesland on Wednesday for Antwerp, and will join his family in Paris.

The many friends of Dr. A. M. Ross will be gratified to learn that he is making rapid recovery from the effects of the accident which befall him, and that present prospects indicate that he will be out again in a few days.

The commencement exercises of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, were held on the afternoon and evening of Thursday of this week, and a large party of Toronto people went down by the noon train to participate in this always pleasant social affair.

Mrs. William B. Rogers, Mrs. (General) Chalmers and Mrs. Talitha White of Memphis, Tenn., are on a visit to Toronto and are staying at the Elliott House.

Judge Morgan will sail for England about the middle of July and return early in September.

Lieut.-Col. Turnbull sailed from Montreal for Liverpool last week.

Mr. Charles Johnson of Warrick Bros. & Rutter will sail on July 1st for a two months' holiday trip to London, Eng.

A miser, some years ago, finding himself very unwell, at length grudgingly sent for a doctor, whom he bade unhesitatingly to tell him truly what was his actual condition. "I will be perfectly frank with you," said the medical man; "you cannot live more than six weeks." Directly the miser heard this he sent for one of the governors of a public charity, and that gentleman arrived, full of expectation. "I have always admired your institution," said the miser, "and I intend to bequeath £1,500 to it. My doctor has just informed me that I shall not live long, so I sent for you to acquaint you with my intention. But—" "In the name of the patrons of our institution," said the delighted governor, "I thank you." "But in order to save trouble and expense in the making of my will," continued the miser, "I have thought that if you would allow me the usual discount for prompt cash, I will give you the money immediately."

Lord Dunraven writing from Paris to a member of the St. James' Club relates a little incident that came under his notice in a restaurant, illustrating the *sang-froid* of the moneyless gentry of Paris: "An individual who had dined wisely and well, not forgetting one luxury in or out of season, rose brusquely and proceeded to the door, a small waiter as speedily following him, and rattling 'la note' in such a fashion that at length it was impossible not to pay attention. The waiter took the bill, and then said in a severe tone to the small waiter, 'What is this?' 'Your addition, sir, your note, the bill for your dinner.' The waiter thereupon handed the bill back sharply and, leaving with great dignity, said, 'I did not ask you for it.'"

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On Tuesday, June 16, at high noon, a fashionable wedding took place at St. Catherine's church, St. Catharines, when Mr. Patrick Luke Fay of Chicago was united in marriage to Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas C. Dawson, Sheriff of the County of Lincoln. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father O'Donohue, assisted by the Dean of St. Catharines and Rev. Father Smyth of Merritton. The bride wore an exquisite gown of white duchesse satin trimmed with *muslin de soie*, a spray of orange blossoms catching her tulle veil, and carried a prayer-book bound in white and silver. She was attended by her sister, Miss Margaret Dawson, as maid of honor, who made a dainty picture in white organdie dotted with forget-me-nots, and whose large white hat gave a finishing touch to an altogether lovely costume. Two little bridesmaids, Mildred Cox and Frances Dawson, were the admiration of all, in white Swiss frocks and large picture hats of *point d'esprit*, as they preceded the maid of honor, carrying large bunches of crimson roses. The groomsman was Mr. Thomas C. Dawson, Jr., and the ushers Messrs. W. G. Ramage, E. N. Bate, C. J. C. Mee and Dr. A. F. Rykert. The beautiful church was looking its best, the high marble altar being one mass of flowers and gleaming lights, and the music in perfect keeping with the solemn service. Miss Winifred Carmen sang magnificently an Ave Maria, set to an aria from the Cavalleria Rusticana, and at the close of the nuptial mass the bridal party left the church to the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March. A reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, 132 Ontario street, where a number of relatives and friends offered their warmest congratulations to the newly wedded pair. The house was decorated most artistically, the mantel at the end of the long drawing-room being banked high with palms, roses and maiden-hair ferns, before which the young bride and groom, assisted by their maids and ushers, received on their return from the church. In the dining-room, where the decorations were entirely of white roses, dainty refreshments were served, and many congratulatory telegrams were received from absent friends. A costly array of gifts bespoke the warm hearts of the bride's many friends. Mr. and Mrs. Fay left on the 2:50 train for the West, amidst showers of rice and good wishes.

On Wednesday, June 17, a very pretty wedding took place at the residence of the bride's mother, 87 Spencer avenue, by Rev. D. C. Hossack, of Parkdale Presbyterian church, when Miss Charlotte Florence, youngest daughter of the late Charles Bender, and granddaughter of Mr. T. A. Heintzman, was married to Mr. George F. Little of New York. The bride was Miss Bertha Cable, and the groomsman Mr. Will Bender, brother of the bride. The maid of honor was little Miss Gladys Plattin, niece of the bride, and the little page, Master Gordon Bender, nephew of the bride. Among the guests were: Mr. T. A. Heintzman, Mr. and Mrs. H. Heintzman, Mr. Will Heintzman, Mr. and Mrs. George Heintzman, Miss Hunter, Mr. H. P. Dwight, Mr. Charles Dwight, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Jacobi, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Hogarth, Miss Gertie Smith, Prof. and Mrs. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. McMullen, Mr. and Mrs. Banan, Mr. and Mrs. Nimmo, Miss Mylins of Berlin, Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby, Miss Little, Mr. and Mrs. D. McCall, Mr. and Mrs. Ludwig, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Cable, Mrs. and Miss Davis, Dr. and Mrs. Wagner, Dr. and Mrs. Mylins of Berlin, Mr. and Mrs. W. Little, Mr. and the Misses Lennox, Mrs. and Miss Wright, the Misses Swann of Chestnut Woods, Oakville, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wright, the Misses Miles, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Perry, Mr. and Mrs. Schwenker, Mr. and Mrs. Plattin of New York, Mrs. Keene, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Sharp, Mrs. Plattin, Mrs. and Miss Ridout, Mr. Dickson, Mr. W. Murdoch, and many others. Mr. and Mrs. Little left on the 10:25 train for the East and will reside in New York City.

On Wednesday, June 17, Miss Katie Manser and Mr. E. E. Lord were married at the residence of the bride's mother, 78 Wright avenue, Parkdale, Rev. D. C. Hossack officiating. Miss Manser wore a pretty gown of gray silk and carried a large bouquet of bridal roses tied with white satin ribbon. Miss A. Manser, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, in a pretty gown of cream mohair. Her little niece, Miss M. C. Manser, in white, acted as maid of honor, and Mr. A. Reid as groomsman. Mr. and Mrs. Lord left for a tour through the States and to Halifax. On their return they will reside in Peterboro'.

J. E. D. writes from New York: Central Park is a nice place. Nature and art outdid each other in the effort to make it the most beautiful oasis on earth. Within its several square miles one can imagine oneself roughing it in the wilds of Muskoka, and next moment strolling down Jarvis street. The abruptness of such changes really constitutes its objectionable feature. You come up to an immense boulder, stop a second, and then sneak around it on tiptoe, fearful of meeting a panther, only to find yourself face to face with a dainty finger-post announcing "this way to Fifth Avenue gate." You lay yourself at full length on your watch-pocket to lap the *agua pura* from a lovely poetic babbling brook, and your left hand catches in the chain connecting an iron cup with a staple in the rock; you hear a lion roar, and before you have time to forgive your enemies and write your address in your hat-band, you see a placard requesting you to please not donate peanuts and things to the animals in the menagerie, "by order;" or you wave your arms and legs in glee, for the moment thinking yourself Robinson Crusoe—monarch of all you survey—and as you stoop down to recover a pants button that you think must be yours, you are horrified by the discovery that you have rudely interrupted the conversation of a devoted couple seated on a bench, who until your arrival had been talking to each other.

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with their eyes. But for these sudden revulsions of feeling, and the omnipresent cop, Central Park would be perfect.

Lord Aylmer, who is eighty-two to-day, may be described as our only Canadian peer, just as Lord Fairfax is our American one, says the London *Mail*. Ever since his marriage with Miss Mary Journeaux of Melbourne, Quebec, Lord Aylmer has lived entirely in Canada, and is himself colonel in the Canadian militia, and his eldest son is Assistant-Adjutant General of the same, while his second son, Henry, is not only Major of Canadian Artillery, but has sat in the Dominion Parliament for twenty-two years, and his third son is captain in the militia. The two elder sons have both married ladies in Montreal. A predecessor of Lord Aylmer's was Governor-General of Canada, and it was during his time that the first ties with the colony were formed by the family.

Word comes to us from London that Dominion Day will be celebrated this year by a great dinner which will be attended by Canadians, and, if possible, by all the distinguished friends of Canada—ex-Governors-General and others. The arrangements are not sufficiently advanced for a definite announcement.

The following are stopping at Hotel Hanlan: Mr. T. C. Patterson, Mr. C. H. Hay of Montreal, the Misses Crombie, Mr. R. Ryan of Ottawa, Miss Butler, Mr. Storey, Mr. C. J. Campbell, Mr. John Hawkins, Mr. D. McCall, Mr. F. J. McIntosh, Mr. A. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Miss A. Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hyslop, Jr., Mr. O. A. Howland, Mr. and Mrs. F. Nicholls, Mr. R. H. Hilliard, Canon and Mrs. Cayley, Miss Cayley.

Mr. and Mrs. Will N. McKendry have returned from their wedding trip and taken up house at 17 Gifford street. Mrs. McKendry will be at home on the first and third Tuesdays.

Mrs. Short and family, of Wellington street west, are at Parry Sound for the summer.

Mr. W. B. Short of the Canada Life Assurance Co. is spending a few weeks at Parry Sound.

On Saturday, June 13, at two o'clock, Holy Trinity church, Welland, was the scene of a fashionable and very pretty event, the marriage of Miss Lizzie Schooley, daughter of Dr. Schooley of Welland, to Mr. W. J. Elliott of Toronto. The church was prettily decorated with flowers in various designs, and draperies. Rev. Dr. Johnston officiated. Miss Florence

Brown presided at the organ, and the soft strains of Lohengrin's and Mendelssohn's wedding marches were played as the bride, who was escorted to the altar by her father, entered and left the church. She was elegantly attired in a gown of ivory duchesse satin *en train*, trimmed with silk *chiffon* and ornamented with pearls. From her neck was suspended a sunburst of diamonds and pearls, the gift of the groom. She wore the customary veil and carried in her hand a shower bouquet of roses and maiden-hair ferns. The bridesmaids were Miss Maude Schooley and Miss Susie Baxter, who wore pretty white silk dresses and picture hats and carried bouquets of carnations and sweet-peas. The groom was supported by Mr. J. T. Hunter. After the ceremony was over the happy couple entered their carriage and were driven to the residence of Dr. Schooley, where a reception was held and luncheon served amid a bower of foliage and flowers, and many were the offerings of best wishes to the newly-wed. Mr. and Mrs. Elliott left by train for the South en route for Scotland and other places. Miss Schooley will be greatly missed in church and social circles in Welland, where she was a general favorite, as was substantially evidenced by the many rich and beautiful gifts she received. Mr. Elliott is a rising young barrister of this city and president of the Young Liberal Club. Upon their return they will take up their residence here. Among the invited guests were: Hon. Dr. and Mrs. Montague, Hon. Rich. and Mrs. Harcourt, Hon. Jacob and Mrs. Baxter, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. Neil McCrimmon, Mr. and Mrs. Willison, Mr. and Mrs. Cahoe, Mrs. Hamm, Miss Kate Hamm, Messrs. Fred and Percy Hamm, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. and Miss Baxter, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Elliott, Mrs. J. E. Elliott, Mr. J. C. Elliott, Miss Annie Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. McKague, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Adams, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Hume, Dr. and Mrs. Buchner, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. V. Preston, Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Foulke, Mr. Geo. E. J. Brown, Miss Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, Misses Jean Woodward, Bessie Burgar, Nellie Duncan, Alice Jackson, Carrie Vanderbury, Messrs. Morin, Raymond, Anderson, Bate, and others.

"The Restigouche Fishing Club," says the New York *Sun*, "has allured a number of both single and married men away from civilization to the famous salmon streams of Canada, and Dr. Seward Webb having provided a private car, a party of enthusiastic fishermen have been enjoying the hospitalities of the club house and the excitement of the sport to the exclusion of all tamer pleasures."

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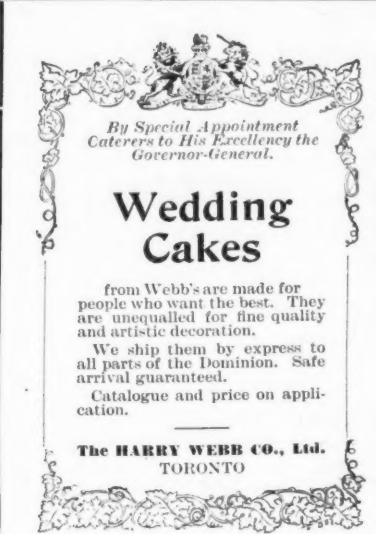
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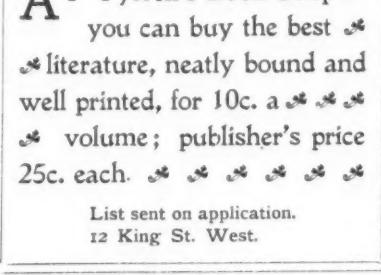
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TOM'S UNCLE.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

Copyright, 1896, by the Bachelier Syndicate.

Tom tore open the letter which had just been brought in to him. It was evidently brief. He read it at a glance, then threw it down on the table with an energetic expletive.

"I beg your pardon!" said I politely.

Tom pulled vindictively at his budding mustache.

"I ought to beg mother's pardon," he muttered, "for swearing over her note! But would you believe what she says?"

"Certainly," said I, with sweet seriousness.

"I would take your mother's word against a million."

"Oh!" he exclaimed impatiently, "you know I don't mean that. Do shut up till I tell you!"

I threw away the stump of my cigar, clasped my hands, and assumed an attitude of hungry attention.

Tom muttered something about my being an idiot, but hastened to share with me the tidings which had so disturbed him.

"My distinguished uncle, Prof. Henry Jerrold, will be here to-night. Mother says we must make it pleasant for him!"

"That's a gaudy prospect!" said I. "What particular species of dry-as-dust is he to be classified under? Tell me that, and I'll tell you how to manage him."

"Oh, I'm aware you know everything, Bob!" was the unkind reply, "but this is too big a problem even for your intellect. It's too bad, with mother just comfortably out of the way, and the little game all arranged for to-night, and the picnic to the island so nicely planned for to-morrow. We can't take him in. We can't leave him out. It's too rough, altogether!"

"But who is he?" I persisted. "It may not be as bad as you fancy!"

"He's the professor of mathematics in some Western college!" said Tom. "A big gun in his way, you know. There are half a dozen of his books over on that shelf next to the fireplace. Fascinating things on the Calculus, and Surds, and Conic Sections."

"Ah!" said I, rising languidly and going over to the shelf in question. "Mathematics, I perceive! And very, very dusty! Now, my dear boy, the case simplifies itself amazingly. Have these books nicely dusted and leave one of them lying on this table beside your own easy-chair. This will make him feel at home and please him greatly. Mathematicians are next to scientists and musicians, the vainest of men. Moreover, unlike other professors, the professors of mathematics are in a measure human. They all drink whisky—usually Scotch. Let him have the library here all to himself—and with pen, ink, paper and whisky he'll be happy all night, till we tell him it's time to go to bed. Mathematicians generally sit up, lost in a problem, till they are told it's bedtime. We'll have our little game in the breakfast room and tell him it's whisky. Mathematicians approve of whisky; but he won't want to play, because he'll understand that the party is made up!"

Somewhat fatigued by this eloquent dissertation on mathematicians, I flung myself down on the broad lounge. As for Tom, he beamed upon me gratefully.

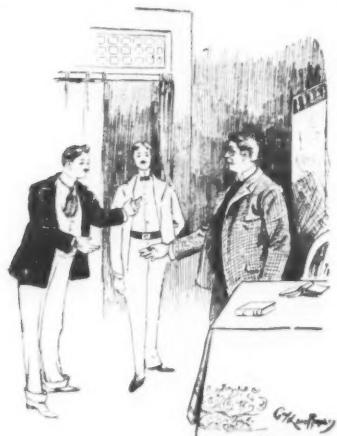
"Old man," said he, "you have a statesman's brain. And what about the picnic to-morrow?"

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," said I airily, waving aside the problem. "I'll devise some way of escape before the time is upon us."

Tom's normal cheer of countenance had now returned to him.

"Get up, Bob," said he; "let's go down to the club. I want to arrange something about the picnic."

Now, it would have suited me better to stay on the lounge and think. I love to spend my



"There is the trembling culprit who should have met you."

mornings in luxuriously thinking of what I will do some other morning. It is easy to forget these resolutions when the time for acting upon them threatens to arrive. But this morning Tom was importunate; and, to save argument, which bores me, I went with him.

Tom and I were in our senior year at college. I was spending the vacation with him at his mother's summer place in the quaint old village of Stratford, on the Housatonic. Tom's mother, a sweetly prim and benevolently Puritanical little dame, had run up to Boston for a few days to see an invalid sister, and we were now bent on making ripe hay in the unshaded sunshine of her absence. As for Stratford, the aristocratic quiet of her wide, grassy, elm-shaded avenues was just now much ruffled by the presence of gay summer visitors from New York. There was a brilliant actress, Adela Clay, in retreat from the persistent homage of an adoring public. There was a young poetess who had brought her husband with her to show that the somewhat candid fervor of her muse derived

its fire from duly-sanctioned sources. There was a successful humorist, whose look of gloomy abstraction after the utterance of a witticism was supposed to be cleverly assumed for the purpose of effect. As a matter of fact, it was the result of a stupendous effort to fix the jewel of wit in his mind for future use without aid of the pencil and note-book scrupulously concealed in his breast pocket. The rest were bright men and women of the world, whose fad it was to play on the skirts of a well-groomed and presentable bohemia.

With his circle of friends, Tom and I put in a far from dull afternoon. As we returned to the house for dinner nothing was more remote from our minds than the coming of Prof. Henry Jerrold.

As we entered the hall our nostrils were greeted by the smell of an uncommonly good cigar, coming from the library.

"Who's smoking, Williams?" asked Tom, addressing the butler, who came to say dinner was ready.

"Your uncle, sir," replied Williams.

"By gum!" exclaimed Tom,aghast. "He was to come on the 5.30; and we forgot to meet him!"

With some trepidation, plainly revealed by Tom, but concealed by me under an air of languid unconcern, we entered the library. A broad-shouldered man with eye-glasses and a dark mustache, dressed in a rough-and-ready suit of Scotch tweed, was smoking there very



At this Tom and I smiled, with cheerful anticipation.

comfortably, his nose buried in a book. He lazily took his feet off the table and rose to greet us.

"My nephew, I suppose!" said he, stretching to me.

"No, Prof. Jerrold, no such distinction for me," said I. "There is the trembling culprit, who should have met you at the train. I am his chum, Bob Sawyer, and very much at your service!"

The professor wrung our hands cordially, and expressed so prompt an interest in the subject of dinner that we adjourned to the dining-room at once.

There, at first, the soup and the salad, the weather, and the professor's journey, supplied us with safe subjects for conversation. Several spots of thin ice, ineptly skirted by me, and we began to feel quite at ease. The professor never alluded to such a thing as a conic section or a logarithm; and perceiving that he was not only reasonable but good-natured, I felt that we would have no difficulty in getting him out of the way for the evening.

As I lit a cigar after dinner, I said carelessly: "I saw you smoking, professor, so I presume apology is unnecessary!"

"Quite unnecessary, I assure you!" he responded dryly; and we went back to the library.

The professor happened to glance at the well-filled bookshelves.

"Oh, Uncle Henry," said Tom, "I hope you won't mind if we leave you alone among the books for while this evening. I suppose you'll want to be studying or writing, and you'll find everything at hand here for the purpose. Not knowing of your coming till after lunch to-day, we made up a little rubber of whisky for this evening. But we'll play in the breakfast room, and be careful not to disturb you."

Tom's uncle smiled slowly. He gazed so long, first at Tom and then at me, that we both began to fear he had grave religious scruples against cards.

"I don't think one should be addicted to cards," said I hastily; "but I don't think there can be any harm in an occasional quiet game at one's home, you know! Do you?"

"Perhaps you are right," he assented, with an air that might have been hesitation.

"Then you won't mind if we leave you?" said Tom.

His uncle smiled again.

"I think," said he pleasantly, "that I won't work this evening, Tom. In fact, I have done enough during the last few months to feel myself entitled to a loaf. If it's to be whisky, of course you have your table made up, so I'll just smoke and look on; and perhaps you won't mind me cutting in for a rubber or two!"

"I always understood that mathematicians approved of whisky," said I.

But Tom, rather diffidently, hastened to explain.

"Well, you see, Uncle Harry," said he, "it is not whisky exactly. We were obliged, in a way, to ask three fellows in; so, as that was too many for whisky, we thought we'd have to play—er—poker, you know! But just for fun, you know! Just a dollar limit—you perhaps understand!"

"I've heard the phrase somewhere," confessed the professor. "In fact, I don't mind taking a hand with you. It is an interesting game, light and cheerful; and six is not an inconvenient number, if I remember rightly!"

Tom looked at me in some bewilderment, and I said promptly.

"That will be delightful, sir, if you really think it won't bore you. And Tom and I can give you the main points of the game at once, before the others come."

"Oh, thank you," said the professor, "but I think I know enough to scratch along on till I see how you play. If not, I'll pick it up."

At this Tom and I smiled, with cheerful anticipations. We had met men before who, having read about the game, thought they knew it was to play on the skirts of a well-groomed and presentable bohemia.

PART II.

Presently two of our guests arrived—Fred Struthers and Jack Niles. They seemed to get on very easily with the professor, who offered them his fine cigars. We soon got on the card table, and began our game in the library, there being no longer any need of fleeing to the breakfast room, as Tom and I had planned. Tom's uncle seemed to understand the use of the little pile of red, white and blue chips which were given him. He drew cards as he saw the rest of us do, and finding them, apparently, no good, threw them away with an easy air of unconcern, which led me to wink at Tom, as much as to say: "He's learning, that uncle of yours!" And Tom nodded back, which I interpreted to mean, "We'll make something out of him, if he is an old Dry-as-Dust!" In fact, after the professor had raked in a small pot, on a pair of aces, Tom was so well pleased that he could not help saying:

"You're doing well, Uncle Henry! We'll make a poker player of you yet!"

His uncle looked amused, for some reason which I could not fathom.

"You need not call me 'Uncle Henry,' my dear fellow," said he. "Just call me Jerrold; or, as my most intimate friends do, Harry!"

"Uncle Henry" makes you seem too old, eh?" laughed Tom, not quite at ease with the distinguished visitor.

"No, my dear boy, but it makes you seem so young!" was the sarcastically drawled reply, at which we all laughed. I began to think that the professor would even do for the picnic on the island, if he would not take alarm at *la belle Adela's* somewhat audacious gayety.

By and by there occurred a jack-pot which went around many times before anyone could open it. It began to assume attractive proportions. At last Fred Struthers cried:

"I'll open it for a dollar!"

I stayed with a small pair to draw to.

"Professor, up to you!" said I, seeing that he was glancing at his cards with an air of doubt.

"Two pairs are not much good, are they?" he mused, fingering his chips.

Now Tom, as it turned out, had had a patful dealt to him, and was feeling elated.

"Why, uncle—er—Harry, I often raise on two good pairs!" said he, laughing.

"All right, then," said the professor, seeing the opener's bet, and raising it another dollar. Tom promptly saw the raise and lifted it again. Thereupon Niles, who was the dealer, stayed out, and Struthers cried:

"You scoundrel, you've got something big, I know," and threw down his hand, showing the openers. I also backed out, of course. The professor hesitated again.

"Well, if they were good for a raise before, they're just as good now!" said he, and raised again. This was what Tom wanted. He raised, and the professor raised back, half a dozen times, till at last Tom thought he wasn't using his uncle quite fairly, and just saw his last raise.

"I don't want to be too hard on a new



Glancing at his cards with an air of doubt.

player!" he laughed, as he threw in the one blue chip.

"Thanks, my dear boy!" said the professor sweetly.

"Cards?" enquired Niles, holding out the pack over the table.

"One!" said the professor.

We all felt sorry for him.

"I'll play these!" said Tom.

Then the professor bet another dollar. Tom, of course, raised him the limit; whereupon the professor came back at him again. This went on several times, till I could not help saying:

"Don't you see, professor, he must have at least a straight or a flush!"

"You don't say so!" he exclaimed, with an air of alarm—at the same time raising again.

But now Tom, obeying the dictates of politeness, called:

"I have an ace full!" said he pleasantly.

"Ah!" said the professor, "I threw away an ace myself."

"But what have you got?" asked Struthers.

"My two pairs—I hope the reference did not mislead anyone"—said the professor, "happen to be both of the same kind!" And laying four kings on the table he gathered in a goodly pile of chips.

Tom looked blank, and the rest of us laughed softly. I began to feel, in a vague way, that Tom and I were fools. At this juncture our belated guest arrived—one Lieutenant Storrs of the United States navy.

"Forgive me for being so late, old fellow!" said he, grasping Tom's hand. Then, catching sight of the professor, he sprang forward and seized him by both shoulders before he could rise.

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Adelaide Street West * * * * * Toronto
Ontario, Canada.TELEPHONES—Editorial Rooms..... No. 582
Business Office..... No. 1199

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year..... \$2.00
Six Months..... 1.00
Three Months..... 50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LTD.), PROPRIETORS

VOL. IX] TORONTO, JUNE 27, 1896. [No. 32

The Masher and the Lady.

LIKE all big cities, Paris has its maschers. They annoy the ladies often enough, but, as a rule, they are harmless fools, after all. Here is the latest little story of a masher and a beautiful lady, which the Paris papers are printing and which the *Sun* translates:

At the Quai aux Fleurs on market day, a beauty arrived on foot. So did a masher. He fixed his loving eyes upon her. She paid no attention to him. He persisted, and vainly endeavored to engage her in conversation. Finally she purchased two big geraniums.

"Do you live far from here, madam?" asked the dude.

The lady made no answer at first; but after an instant's reflection, prompted by the size of the geranium pots and plants, and the necessity of employing a *commissaire*, she replied, sweetly: "Rue du Louvre, 99."

"Oh," exclaimed the masher, "you can't carry such a burden so far! Allow me to help you."

She smiled, but, in the language of the duelists, instead of "abandoning to him the choice" of pots, she pointed to both, and smiled again. The masher put a pot under each arm, and, equipped in that way, went off with the lady. When they came to the Rue du Louvre, 99, she stopped, thanked the dude, and stretched out her beautiful little hands for the flower-pots.

But the masher politely insisted upon carrying them up to her apartment.

"The trouble is," said the lady, "I live on the top floor and there is no elevator."

"I would not be surprised if you told me that you lived way up in heaven. Angels live there," said the enthusiastic masher.

"Well, come, then," said the lady, in the golden tones in which the Divine Sarah in Cleopatra addresses her Tony.

So up they went until they came to the abode of the sorceress. She rang the bell. Heavy footsteps were heard inside. The door was opened and a fine-looking man appeared.

"Allow me to introduce you to my husband, sir," said the lady. "My dear," she added, addressing her inferior portion, "this gentleman has been kind enough to carry these plants for me all the way from the flower-market and up the stairs, too, as you see."

"Good enough," said the big fellow. "Here, my man, here is a twenty-cent piece. Go and get a drink!"

The dude started down the stairs at a lively rate, without waiting for his *pourboire*, and, as he was going down, he could hear the ring, laugh of the lady and the hoarse "ha! ha!" of the happy husband.

John Jacob's Hobby.

A body of New York gentlemen returning from the Atlanta Exposition last summer, were delayed by the collapse of the locomotive, which, on the way north, broke down. Among them was John Jacob Astor, who joined the crowd about the engine, which the engineer was unable to repair. He got down on his hands and knees and crawled under it. He worked there for a few minutes, and then, coming out, ordered the engineer to drive on, as he had repaired the jury. A correspondent of *The Sun* asked the engineer who the man was. "An official of the road, undoubtedly," said the engineer. "No; that is John Jacob Astor," replied the correspondent, "and he told me he knew enough about locomotive engines to build one."

For Golfers Only.

Scottish Nights.

Not many days ago an enthusiastic golfer visiting a famous health resort made his way to the local links, with the intention of enjoying a quiet round by himself.

When he had "holed out" at number one he said to his caddy: "Where is the next hole?"

"Just over yonder," replied that youth, indicating a tiny white flag fluttering in the breeze at about two hundred yards distance.

Our golfer went to the teeing ground, and, when his ball had been nicely "tee'd up," exclaimed confidently:

"Oh, that will just take a drive and a putt." Then, addressing himself to the ball with a great deal of swagger, he struck it, but only sent it about ten yards.

"Surely, sir," exclaimed the impudent caddy, "but ye must be taking the putt first!"

A Bright Specimen.

Motto per Ridere.

The Count, prior to shutting himself up in his study, where he had several important letters to read, thus addressed his valet:

"Look here, Tominella, if anyone happens to call, mind you tell them, 'Master is out. Everybody bores me, you most of all.'"

"All right," said the valet, and the Count retired.

A quarter of an hour later there was a ring. Tominella went to the door. A beautiful young lady (the Count's future bride) enquired, in silvery tones:

"Is the Count at home?"

"No," replied Tominella haughtily, "he is out. Everybody bores him, and you most of all."

With that he slammed the door in her face.

SPORTING COMMENT

There is no road run more popular among wheelmen than down the Kingston road, and those who like to persevere and make a good run of it, like to go through to Whitby. Many stop there because of the hills between that town and Oshawa. Here is an article copied from the last issue of the *Whitby Chronicle*:

The season has again opened, and the meetings of city toughs make the country roads into surrounding scenes of hell. They disturb people by howling and stampeding all night. The dirty tribe ride into town with backs like dromedaries with about half a pound of cheap flannels sticking upon their protruding bones, and a coating of dust upon their faces. They are perfectly satisfied with themselves and have the most extreme contempt for everybody else. They smell of sweat and filth from the horse paths along the roads, and with that vanity which to a less extent pervades all mankind, they like to think their own odors are the best. They ride in Whitby, and when they assume all the most prominent places in the verandas and parlors of the leading hotels, and appropriate the best end of the dining-room to their bicycle horse-talk and loud body sweat and road perfume. No person who has seen such sights can afford to miss any portion of the public places assumed by the bikers. In the course of time the first-class hotels will be deserted by respectable people and left to bicyclists and their abominable loud road yarns, over the details of which the noisy bikers are continually engaged. They meet, and there is very little of this earth left on which they do not meet. Guests at hotels and other places are inexplicably disgusted with the wheeling connection, their half-naked, loud-smelling bodies and beastly manners. But the bikers are not the only ones who are in contempt of the world, which is a back number in their estimation. On Saturday evening last a gang of the biking fraternity made a raid on this town, and from the time the falling shades enabled them to get under way, they were followed by a crowd of spectators who were also in contempt of the remainder of the world, which is a back number in their estimation.

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Artist and Environment.

POSING for his picture—for the picture leaning back in his little chair, absently following the careless flight of a butterfly, reclined the model—a delicately pretty boy, with pink-flushed skin, and sweet blue eyes, a great crop of soft, loose curls straying over his forehead like a happy company of strolling sunbeams. A bit of a philosopher he was, full of an odd acceptance of the tangibly material nature of his environment, yet with his child-mind wonder-touched and introspective.

And the very apple of his sister's eye, her heart of hearts and sacred legacy, for the two were orphans. But so comprehensive was the sister's great love in its strength and tenderness the odd dreamer missed neither father, mother, best friend nor counsellor—returning the love in the responsive readiness of his childhood, tenderness for tenderness, measure for measure.

It needed love and the consciousness of being loved—the struggle—for they were extremely poor, and though the scramble was none the less a valiant one in that it was made in a cheerful spirit, the difficulties were present and very actual, the hoped-for results veiled and far away.

Poverty lies lightly upon the spirit-freedom of a cherished childhood. Kilts came, sailor blouses and things to eat even as the sunshine came and night and morning, but the manner of their coming was many times a problem to the sister.

If she could only do one really good thing, something that would start them, give them a breathing space—and then the child gave promise of so much that was worth the cultivating, that must be cultivated. But how? What? It was hard, hard to think, hard to do. How shabby their clothes were growing despite her persevering mending; how shabby it all was—the miserable little boarding-house bedroom; how lax her energy and inspiration; even her very dreams were growing shabby! Then she was seized with a forlorn hope of making a study of the child for the coming exhibition.

"How high does the air go?" asked the model dreamily when the butterfly had quite disappeared behind the blue.

"A long way," replied his sister briefly.

"All the way?" demanded the persistent model.

A faint sound as of a questioning snore seemed to float in a gentle spiral from the hammock under the apple-trees.

The sister started.

"A long way," she repeated, painting vigorously.

"After that it's heaven I suppose," mused the model. "Is it heaven?" she queried, with a little wrinkle of his forehead, rising and leaning over on his sister's shoulder.

Something in the delicate face so near her own made the artist drop her brush and kiss the sweet face tenderly and closely. "We'll think about it and talk it over when we go to bed to-night," she answered quickly. "Now run, dear, and get your mermaids or your scissors."

As he disappeared the fountain of the snore disclosed itself. A very young man, pink and plump, who, disengaging himself from the hammock, dragged with his awkwardly bandaged foot over the grass to the garden-chair beside the easel.

"Wouldn't you like to paint my countenance?" he murmured sweetly, bringing that somewhat indefinite expanse within the artist's line of vision. "You can't really expect to paint a—creature, you know."

No reply but the patter of leaves and the delicate swish of brushes.

"Is it because I'm not classic enough?" continued the spouter in an aggrieved monotone; "because I am, you know. Don't I love—the—actual?" fervently. "Beauty—for beauty's sake! Art for art's sake! Life as it is now, this minute, without any confounded analyzing of the detestable, insidious, lurking moral of the modern day? You know I do."

Continued silence, only the clear sweet call of a robin among the blossoms.

"Won't you marry me?" ruefully.

"No," cried the girl curtly, too tired and sore at heart for badinage, tears all too near the surface to bear the tenderest touch with safety.

The rejected suitor calmly took out his pocket-book, adding to the already long list of dated items: "May 19. Nineteen times."

The girl turned fiercely, but with a sudden change of face and manner dimpled down, exclaiming innocently: "Why, if here isn't the Professor coming!"

"The Professor be diddled!" growled the pink young man, spattering with epithets the pink May morning as he limped sulkily back to his hammock.

It was an aggravating hammock. The meshes were ample; large enough to admit a generous view of that "ass of a stitched-up whalebone idiot" talking softly to the artist, "criticizing evidently, confound his impudence," from the look of the anxious, devouring blue eyes roving alternately from the Professor's dark face to the canvas on the easel.

"Mollie," cried the model, who was sitting near the hammock cutting paper, "come! Quickly!"

The tone was imperative; the artist flew hastily, followed by the Professor.

"Look," cried the excited child, "do look at this queer little chick or something, see, right there on the bark of that tree," where a belated swallow-fledgling, bereft of the cool and sooty twilight of his chimney, was squawking, scrambling, and flapping his wings like an inebriate bat. "What is it, Mr. Davis? Do tell us," cried the sister eagerly.

"Take care," roared the incensed young man, rising slightly from the hammock; "it will fly in your face directly. It got into the third floor's draperies this morning, and maybe there wasn't a scene with the little beast," and glaring fiercely at the carefully inquisitive Professor the rosy young man sought his pillow again.

"What is it, Mr. Davis?" repeated the artist curiously. "You know all about these things. Tell Freddy, won't you?"

"A zoologist of wide views," began the Professor with a pleased cough, "while not overlooking local variations will regard the swallow of all countries as a single species.

The swallow is a trustful bird. So trustful," continued the Professor, with a gently accusative glance at the emphatic person in the hammock, "that it generally establishes itself in any of men's works that will supply an accommodation; a shed, barn, chimney, empty room, to say nothing of extraordinary positions, may be its place of choice.

"Jupiter Ammon!" shouted the Professor, taken unexpectedly as the swallow in particular faced about suddenly and with a flinch squawk disappeared up the leg of the Professor's immaculate broadcloths.

"Oh, my gracious me," sighed the exhausted Potter, semi-erect, with legs dangling from the hammock. "Oh, my gracious me! That exceeds infinitely the Millet's bandboxes and petticoats."

"What a shame! I think you might have helped him, Mr. Potter," cried the artist tremulously. "Oh, the unfortunate imbecile!" she echoed in a fresh flutter of irresistible laughter as she discreetly if ignominiously fled.

"Did you hear?" said Mr. Potter persuasively, to the robin in the tree above him. "Imbecile!—Im-be-cile! Did you hear? I'd like to put that interesting swallow in a glass case."

"That will do, dear," said the sister later in the afternoon. As the model ran away she stood before the finished picture, drooping with folded hands. Mr. Potter, confined to the garden by his wounded foot, had just moved to adjust the easel in a better light. The artist, full of the secret bitterness of the morning's criticism, had brooded over it in her tired, dispirited mood till the faults seemed to frown and gibe at her from the canvas, and her heart failed. Without warning, she dropped her face in her hands and burst into tears.

The man beside her was not a connoisseur in art; but his more impressionable nature, though blind to foreshortenings and reflected lights, was quick to feel the mystery, half-trust, half-wonder, that looked from the painted eyes even as from the eyes of the living child.

Troubled greatly at her grief, he bent, saying earnestly if awkwardly: "Won't you marry me and stop worrying?"

"How dare you," she cried stormily, "tempt me in a weak moment? You know I don't love you," stamping indignantly upon the grass. "Never—never—not if I have to scrub," bursting into tears afresh; "and I shall have to, it's what I've told myself all through, if this failed—and it has. It isn't only one failure—it's the thing, the life, the impossibility; you don't understand the hauntingness of it all; the look of the light on the leaves, and their tremble, and the hills, and the distance, and the contrasts and the harmonies, and the humanity of it, and the indefinable feeling in and under and over that never can be described—never—never. To lose that!" a fresh outbreak of sobs choked articulation.

"Of course if you don't love me," said the young man very pale, "you don't, that's all, but you're judging hastily. I can't paint, certainly, but I'm not a bat, you know," a little warmly. "Perhaps," grimly, "I can measure distances equally with you. At all events," firmly, "I love you dearer than my life—and—hopelessly."

"It's all right," he continued hurriedly, after a moment's pause; "at least, I mean, I'm not going to be a nuisance. If," he hesitated, flushing uncomfortably, "if you don't really care for this," touching the canvas, "will you give it to me for the boy's sake, and—here—"

Mr. Potter turned his back, looked over the garden-wall and continued looking, speechless. "I'm treating you badly," wailed the girl, with her tears; "take it, please do, but you don't understand and I can't make you."

The barometer of the boarding-house registered low the following fortnight; the depressed artist, the despondent Potter, and the Professor grown nervous and given to starts at fluttering noises, confining themselves to their rooms while the rain lasted.

With the sun appeared the garden in new and delicate transformation of tossing and perfumed lilacs. Under the lilacs, Mr. Potter—not to view the glory of the golden evening, to inhale the seductive breath of palpitating

Sing a Song of Bloomers.



Sing a Song of Bloomers
With four and twenty bad boys running at her side,
While the maid was coasting the boys began to sing
"Get on to her shape, you know," and all that sort of thing.

blossoms, but to sit with bandaged foot regardlessly dangling, head bundled up in the *Evening Journal*.

"Mr. Potter, is this true?" cried the artist breathlessly, dashing beneath the lilacs.

No reply but the rhythmic sway of plumy blooms and the crackling of a newspaper.

"Read it," she cried ruthlessly, thrusting a second paper into his hand.

Continued silence—only the plaint of a yearning frog in a wayside pond lamenting.

"I don't want to read it," rudely trampling the offending *Journal*. "Yes, you're accepted, and you've won the medal, and your picture's second."

"Oh, Mr. Potter," she cried, her cheeks burning, her eyes shining, "you *did* know—you could do that—and I—but it's yours, your own, it's not sold," blazing defiantly again.

"Surely money is a small matter—" Mr. Potter stopped short, leaning upon the arm of the seat as if in pain.

The artist looked up quickly, her woman's heart illuminated. Scattering the *Journal* to the winds she walked deliberately to him, put her arms about his neck and bent her face to his.

For an instant the pink cheek of Mr. Potter became pinker. Taken aback, the astounded young man lost his wits, and worse, his twenty-first and crowning opportunity. When he recovered himself and wits he was alone.

"Oh, is it you, Mr. Potter?" cried the model, emerging *vis-à-vis* upon the garden-wall. "I thought I heard my sister. Is your foot worse, Mr. Potter?" anxiously. "You look asturbed."

"Creature," answered Mr. Potter solemnly and fervently, "I FEEL asturbed."

Arnprior, Ont. IDA BURWASH.

London Ladies' Letter.

LONDON, June 12, 1896.
SOCIETY displays extra anxiety in the health of the Queen. Is she but natural and loyal, but if it implies the suspicion that her Majesty is not quite herself, that would be a great error. She is not only as well, but better than many ladies of her age. Of course she suffers from stiff joints and feels the effects of sultry weather; these drawbacks are alleviated as much as art can do. Balmoral does more with its cool and bracing air for the Queen than the whole faculty of medicine. Quietness and freedom from ceremonial life are the recuperative agents for her age and its inevitable accompaniments.

No change has been made in the arrangements for the wedding of the Princess Maud of Wales, with Prince Charles of Denmark. It will partake largely of a family party, as far as the distinguished guests could afford to make it. It will keep as closely as possible to the lines of the ceremony of the marriage of the

is always respectable and harmonizes well. This is witnessed in its many combinations with rose and white tissues. In the ribbon belts now so popular, the ribbon must be three inches wide and encircle the waist three times. It has no ends, but a terminating knot. There is no change in the width of gowns, but the tendency of sleeves is to be less and less voluminous, fulness being secured by a series of ribbon combinations. The little Bolo jacket, better known as the Eton, continues to be in vogue. There can be no difficulty in the choice of material in which to make it, but lace or guipure over a silk will ever be successful. Hats are not so large, but their ornaments are gigantic above; below are festoons upon festoons of flowers, where roses predominate; then come feathers, three in number, with a fourth behind overtopping all, forming an aigrette like a lightning conductor. Cycling ladies have at least a "rational dress hat" in straw, with the top in black-colored glaze.

MODISTE.

Box Number Twelve.

Argonaut.

In the personal column of a daily paper there appeared one day this seductive announcement:

A GENTLEMAN WHO IS GUARDIAN OF A pretty young orphan lady twenty years of age, very stylish, and with a fortune of two millions, desires to marry his ward to a distinguished-looking gentleman between twenty-five and forty-five years of age. His fortune is no object. Address W. 37, office of this journal. No agents need apply.

It is useless to say that immediately on the appearance of this announcement letters poured in upon the W. 37 box at the office of the daily paper in such quantities that one wearied clerk was specially detailed to empty the box and put them into a large bag. The first two days more than five hundred letters came.

Some days afterward, one of the five hundred, Captain Castle, received the following letter:

MY DEAR SIR.—The particulars that you have taken the trouble to furnish me concerning your ward I will not trouble you to repeat. As to the sight of your photograph has seemed to give her no disappointment—very much to the contrary. Therefore have determined to bring about an interview between you and her. Will you therefore make it convenient to go now to Waddington, the offshoot of this month, to the Folly Theater, wearing a white rose in your button-hole? My ward and I will occupy Box Number Twelve, and we shall be charmed to receive you between the first and second acts. Very truly yours, W. 37.

Captain Castle shot out of his chair as if impelled by a spring, and did not pause until he had reached the ticket-office of the Folly Theater.

"Give me an orchestra-chair," he demanded of the box-office keeper.

"For to-day?"

"No; for the fifteenth."

"None left."

"What's that?"

"The whole house is sold out for that day."

Captain Castle insisted, but in vain. The countenance of the ticket-seller did not soften, and he finally pulled down his wicket and turned again to his daily paper, while Captain Castle walked out of the lobby, much cast down.

As he stopped on the sidewalk, a shabby-genteel individual with a shocking bad hat approached him.

"Want an orchestra seat, mister?"

"Go to the devil."

"I got a good seat for Wednesday, the fifteenth."

"What's that?"

The shabby-genteel individual walked invitingly toward a neighboring saloon, and Captain Castle, with a gleam of hope in his eye, followed him.

"It's a good seat, mister, in the first row."

"I'll take it. How much?"

"Fifteen dollars."

"Great snakes," said the captain, "do you want to rob a man?"

"You can't have it for a cent less," said the ticket-peddler; "the whole house is sold."

The captain made a wry face, but he wound up by paying the money.

The evening of Wednesday, the fifteenth, was one of the most notable in the annals of the Folly Theater. The auditorium was packed like a Market street car, and the orchestra was thickly populated with gentlemen in swallow-tailed coats, each one wearing a white rose in his button-hole. Every box was filled, with one exception—Box Number Twelve.

Between the acts the swallow-tailed gentlemen swarmed through the lobbies, but it was particularly around the door of Box Number Twelve that they were thickest. It was like a human ant-hill.

The second act commenced. Yet Box Number Twelve remained hermetically closed, full of nothing but air. And yet toward this box there were cast anxious glances ever and anon from the well dressed crowd in the orchestra.

While all this was going on in the theater a band of actors were seated around a table in a beer-saloon at the back of the theater, swallowing mountains of frankfurters and sauerkraut, and washing it down with gallons of beer. At the head of them was old Bagot, the Dutch Comique, who was presiding in the most paternal manner over this feast. It was Bagot for whose benefit the show was given that night.

"Eat all you want, boys," said he. "Drink all you want. Old Bagot has money to burn to-night."

"You bet your sweet life you have," replied one of the actors. "Why, such a benefit as this will enable you to retire on your money."

At this moment, Miss Tottie, the Parlor Patti, who had just finished her turn in the second part, burst into the beer saloon, pale and disheveled.

"What's the matter?" cried the convivial band.

"Oh, it is terrible," said the Parlor Patti.

"They are fighting in the orchestra."

"Fighting? Who?"

"Oh, all those swells in swallow-tails. They are beating one another over the head with can

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Anecdotal.

An admirer of Rossini sent the composer at Christmas-time a fine Stilton cheese and an oratorio which the donor had recently composed. In a laconic letter of thanks Rossini wrote: "A thousand thanks! I like the cheese very much."

A good story is told of Sir Wilfred Lawson, whose temperance tendencies are well known throughout England. At a school in the North of England the master gave the children a long disquisition on the steam engine, and when they felt they had understood him, he asked, "What is it that does the work of forty horses, and drinks nothing but water?" And they all answered, "Sir Wilfred Lawson!"

Doyle and Yelverton, two eminent members of the Irish Bar, quarreled one day so violently that from hard words they came to hard blows. Doyle, a powerful man at the fists, knocked down Yelverton twice, vehemently exclaiming, "You scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman!" To which Yelverton, rising, replied with equal indignation, "No, sir; never; I defy you. You could not do it!"

Mr. Edison has only once tried to make a speech. It was before a girls' seminary, where he had agreed to lecture on electricity. He had engaged a friend named Adams to operate the apparatus while he talked; but when the "Wizard" arose before his audience, he felt so dazed that he simply said: "Ladies, Mr. Adams will now address you on electricity, and I will demonstrate what he has to say with the apparatus."

Lord Dargan, before departing for India, behaved him of an old historic ruin which stood on his estate. Summoning his steward, Dan Mulligan, he showed him with his stick where he wanted a protecting wall built around the ruin. On returning, the first thing he did was to look for his castle, but it was gone. Finding his steward, he asked him where the castle was. Dan said: "Sure, an that ould thing, I pulled it down to build the wall wi."

Apropos of Ambassador Bayard's habit of monopolizing conversation while at dinners, receptions, or in official intercourse, a writer in the New York *Tribune* relates that at a certain dinner-party in Washington, Mr. Bayard entertained the company with his views on a variety of subjects, including Japan. One of the guests was a member of the Japanese legation. After listening to Mr. Bayard's wordy discourse on Japan as long as he could, the artless young Japanese, turning to his fair neighbor at the table, remarked: "What a wonderful man is your Secretary of State. He seems to know something about everything—except Japan!"

James Shields was elected to the Senate in 1848, defeating his predecessor, Senator Breese. Shields had distinguished himself in the Mexican War, and at the Battle of Cerro Gordo he was shot through the lungs, the ball passing out at his back. His recovery was one of the marvels of the day. Shields' war record is believed to have secured to him his triumph over Breese. When the news of Shields' election was received, a lawyer named Butterfield was speaking of it to a group of friends, when one of them remarked: "It was that Mexican bullet that did the business." "Yes," retorted Butterfield, "that was a great shot without hurting him, and killed Breese one thousand miles away."

There is told the following story of President Kruger. In 1889 some Uitlanders went as a delegation to him to explain that the price of shares in mines was going down, and they hinted that he was responsible for it. He replied: "Some years ago I had a favorite monkey, for which I had a great affection. One day I went out for an excursion into a wood with my monkey. It was cold, so the monkey burnt his tail, on which he turned on me and bit me. I said to him, 'My dear monkey, I made a fire with you to warm us; you burnt your tail in it—was that your fault, and I really do not see why you should be angry with me.'" Having related this fable, the President smoked his pipe and left the delegation to draw the moral.

There are some good stories in Baron Fer

dinand de Rothschild's book. One is of the Duke de Richelieu. He showed a little concern about the conduct of the ladies to whom he was married, as he expected them to show for his own conduct. Happening on one occasion to find his wife conversing rather familiarly with his equerry, "Fancy, Madame," he calmly said, "how awkward you would have felt had anyone else but myself come into the room." When this lady died he wooed the daughter of the Prince de Guise. The engagement was still a secret when the same equerry, believing that Richelieu had time to forgive him, called and begged the Marshal to take him back into his service. "How did you know?" asked Richelieu, "that I was going to get married again?"

Mr. Frankfort Moore, at the annual dinner of the New Vagabonds' Club in London, told of an author who called at a big publishing house with a new novel, the best thing he had ever written. "We'll be delighted to have it," said the publisher, "providing, of course, it's up to date." "I should rather think it was up to date," replied the author. "It contains two problems and a wife who confesses all on the day of her marriage." The publisher's eyes glistened, but as he began turning over the pages of the typescript his face lengthened. "Great heavens," he said, "it's written in English. I thought you said it was up to date." "What's the matter?" exclaimed the author. The publisher looked at him in an amazed way. "My dear sir," he said, "are you really serious in asking me to publish a novel that is not written in a Scottish dialect? Take it away."

Another Great Triumph.

The Bowmanville News Interviews Mr. John Hawkins.

And is Given Particulars of a Nine Years' Suffering From Asthma, From Which He Has Been Restored to Health When His Case Was Looked On as Hopeless.

From the *New*, Bowmanville.

During the past five years the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have developed into a household word, and from several cases that have come under our personal observation, there is not the least doubt in our minds but that they are a boon to mankind, and in scores of instances have saved life, when everything else had failed. The cure of Mr. Sharp, whose case we published some time ago, was one of the most remarkable that we have heard of. To-day he is as well as ever he was in his life, and is daily knocking about in all weathers attending to his farm duties. Recently another triumph for Pink Pills came under our observation, and, after interviewing the person cured, he gave permission to make the facts public, and we will give the story in his own words. Mr. John



Hawkins, who resides in the township of Darlington, some ten miles north of Bowmanville, and whose postoffice is Enniskillen, came to the county from Cornwall, England, some 45 years ago, and up to the time of his sickness had always been a hard-working man. One day, however, while attending his work, he got wet, took a chill and a severe cold followed, which finally developed to asthma. During the succeeding nine years he was a terrible sufferer from that distressing disease and gradually grew so bad that he could not work, frequently spent sleepless nights, and had little or no appetite. Finally he could scarcely walk across the room without panting for breath, and would sit all day with his elbows resting on his knees—the only position which seemed to give him ease, and at one time he never laid down for six weeks. As it was a hardship for him to talk, all he asked was to be let alone. During this time he had been doctoring and had tried nearly everything, and had spent over \$100, but got no relief. Finally some one recommended him to take Pink Pills. He thought they could do him no harm at any rate, and procuring a supply he commenced taking them. After he had taken three boxes he found that he was improving, and after taking two more boxes, to the astonishment of all, he cut across the field to the woods and cut up a cord of wood. He continued the pills and took two more boxes, making seven in all, and to-day is as well as ever he was, but always keep a box of Pink Pills in the house. The neighbors all began to ask him what he had done, as the asthma had left him, and they never expected to hear of him being well again. To one and all he tells that it was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that did it, and has recommended them to scores of people since his recovery.

With such wonderful cures as these occurring in all parts of the Dominion it is no wonder that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have achieved a greater reputation than any other known medicine. All that is asked for them is a fair trial and the results are rarely disappointing. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, serofluous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail postpaid at 50¢ a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

There are some good stories in Baron Fer

Had No Temptations.



Brown—George Washington was a wonderful man. He never told a lie.

Smith—Well, I guess he never ran a summer hotel.

The Gentleman Hangman.

London Star.

THE greatest surprise of my life came on the last day of it. I was hanged in the pleasantest possible manner, and by a gentleman, too.

I was naturally a little crest-fallen on the morning of our introduction. The events of the previous three weeks had affected my usual high spirits, and I must own that I had not anticipated the meeting with pleasure. I should have preferred an indefinite postponement. Experience teaches us many things—among others, how agreeable a hangman can be.

The Governor introduced us. "This is your client, my lord," he said, and immediately I found myself the object of graceful salutation from the gentleman who accompanied him. This gentleman bore the unquestionable mark of the aristocrat. There was something of the eagle in his Roman nose. His flawless hat, when he lifted it, disclosed a forehead that receded in a fashion denoting long ancestry.

The fit of his coat was perfect; his collar a masterpiece, with an agreeable suggestion of art in the fold of his necktie. I could not fail to observe that his presence gave an air of distinction to my apartment.

"Do my ears deceive me?" I asked of the Governor. "Have I the honor to address a peer?"

The gentleman to whom this question referred, himself replied, with a disclaiming gesture:

"The honor is mine, I am sure."

"You are extremely kind," I replied, unable to conceal my gratification. "I expected a visitor, but—"

My new acquaintance laughed. "No compliments, please. I represent a new era in officialdom."

"How interesting! Can I induce you to go a little more into detail? But perhaps you are pressed for time?"

"Don't mention it," said the newcomer, with charming suavity. "Pray regard my time as your own, and you will, I am sure, pardon any little personal inconvenience I may cause you during our interview." This referred, I afterwards learned, to a slight addition to my costume, which restricted the freedom of my arms, but the charm of my new friend's conversation blinded me to the circumstances.

"We have all to make our little sacrifice for society," he said. "The old plan was to carry these sacrifices out by the grim method without a single condition to lessen their disadvantages or reduce their discomforts. I am the instrument of the gracious method. For instance—straighten your right arm please, thanks, so much!—there are occasions when the exhaustion of nature has to be slightly anticipated. The old way was to make that necessary a cause of uneasiness, if not of distress, to the person concerned."

"I see; how very inconsiderate!"

"Inconsiderate! Brutal I call it. But now—pardon me, let me slacken your elbow; there!—occasions of that sort are graced by all sorts of pleasant courtesies. The idea of selecting a peer of the realm to officiate is one of them."

"The greatest of them," I remarked gallantly.

His lordship's face was wreathed with captivating smiles as he deprecated my intercession.

"There are others," he modestly reminded me, "but the feelings of surviving friends have now become the subject of close official study, and what could be more soothing to them than the knowledge that the last moments of a dear, indiscreet relative had been soothed by the companionship of a member of one of our very oldest families?"

I could not repress my enthusiasm. "The idea does honor to the peerage and to the century."

His lordship smiled again. "I will not conceal from you," he observed, "that the motive

is not wholly patriotic. There is some financial recompense for this humane service, which in the present depressed state of agriculture I am unable wholly to ignore. But the temperature here is suffocating. Shall we continue our chat outside?"

I consented with alacrity to this pleasant suggestion.

"Pray be guided by me," his lordship responded, as I turned in the direction of the entrance to my temporary residence; "there is an open space immediately to the left which will, I think, illustrate the very principle I am endeavoring to explain."

Quickly changing my steps, I was soon engrossed in my companion's instructive talk. A bell was sounding at intervals, and there was some interruption from a clerical gentleman whom I recognized as a visiting acquaintance, but nothing checked the flow of animated conversation with which his lordship entertained me.

"It concerns me to disappoint you," he said, when asked by what title I might address him, "but we wish to associate this more with the Chamber than with any individual, so I fear you must know me only as a member of the House of Lords. But that little matter need not affect the pleasure of our association, which I regret has been delayed so long."

All the chivalry in my nature rose at this urbane expression.

"Better late than never," I replied, with my best bow, as we emerged from the corridor on to a platform facing the daylight. The prospect was confined, but cheerful.

"The authorities are meditating some improvements," my companion went on.

"Indeed," I inquired; "architectural?"

"No, floral. Some wall creepers and geraniums. Most appropriate, you know—here to-day and gone to-morrow."

"It's quite a chance for a landscape gardener."

"And look at this," he added, pointing to some posts that rose from the platform, "how barren of ornament they are. Now, wood sculpture is a fascinating art—place your feet together please, just over the crack; a thousand thanks! What excellently shaped limbs you have. You really should have a better tailor. And your collar, too, is out of date. You must let me give you the address of my shirt maker. You would find him extremely attentive and reasonable in his charges. Permit me to place his card in your pocket. Oh, no trouble, I assure you. I am delighted to be of that little service. Perhaps I might take your measure and send on an order. Let me see—a good sixteen and a half."

These repeated kindnesses unnerved me. "I owe you some reparation," I observed.

"Owe me! Impossible. Why, you have been civility itself."

I bowed again. "My civility is the reflection of your good breeding. I cannot forgive myself for having done you the injustice of thinking them merely ornamental. I assure you I have enjoyed your companionship amazingly, and I shall look forward eagerly to the prospect of renewing our acquaintance."

For the first time his lordship looked disturbed, but quickly recovering himself he replied:

"There may be some difficulty about that, but in any case I am sincerely gratified to hear you express a contrary opinion now."

"How could I do otherwise when I have the honor of your friendship? I have been misled by the evening Press. I know now that an aristocrat may be considerate and solicitous for the welfare of others."



Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Reid have returned after a pleasant voyage across the Atlantic to their home in Ontario, in the Catskills.

The Ontario Society of Artists last week sent a consignment of pictures to Winnipeg as their contribution to the exhibition which opens there July 20.

W. A. Bouguereau, the French artist, is to marry (if the event has not already taken place) Miss Elizabeth Gardiner, an American lady and pupil of his. The engagement has been of nineteen years' duration, and only the objections of the artist's mother to an American daughter-in-law prevented the marriage long ago. Miss Gardiner was a gold medalist of the *Salon* several years ago, and in style her work so strongly resembles her master's as to be mistaken for it frequently.

The display of the work of Miss Hannaford's pupils in china painting at the Pantheon last week, was visited by a great many interested in the art. In the conventional curves the hand of the amateur might occasionally be seen in the uncertain lines, but the flowers were excellent. In one tray with yellow and red chrysanthemums the color was a trifle heavy, while a neighbor with the same flower of different color was much daintier in treatment. As a whole the work shows boldness and firmness of touch and pleasing arrangement of color and design, as befits the pupil of such teacher in trays, punch-bowls, and jardinières; and the carefully painted miniatures on the set of plates indicated delicacy of touch as well.

There is a small painting of Bacchus and Ariadne at the Matthews' Gallery, which there is reason to suppose is by Van Dyck; the fact of its being unsigned is in itself no proof, as few artists of that day did sign their work. The painting on the outstretched hand and arm of Ariadne is certainly fine.

Mr. E. Wyly Grier's portrait of Mr. T. R. Merritt, vice-president of the Imperial Bank, has lately been hung in the board-room, though as yet only in a temporary frame. The sitter leans forward slightly; arms resting lightly on the arms of the chair, and hands slightly clasped. In one or two places there is a slight hardness of line, but the work is strong and solidly painted, the color fresh and untempered, the action admirable. The numerous visitors who have seen it all commend it in the highest terms, and the Bank has expressed its gratification in possessing so life-like a portrait of its popular vice-president. (We can scarcely help mentioning the fine quartered oak paneling of the room where this hangs, and especially the artistic treatment of the ivy-tinted ceiling in its scroll work in relief. Mr. Grier has also spent some time in Kingston at work on the portrait of Mrs. Betts of Calderwood; it is half length, and, both as a likeness and a work of art, has met with warm approval.

It is sometimes unusually interesting to see the artist at work in his studio and learn the means by which he gains certain results. Such was the case the other day during a short visit to Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith's studios, where one room was completely darkened and lighted by candles, while the artist was at work in the adjoining one at a position that commanded a good view of this interior. Mr.

J. W. L. FORSTER
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Quite So.



He—Love is like a game of poker.
She—How so?
He—A young man often wants a hand he cannot get.

Bell-Smith is working on a picture of the services in St. Mary's Cathedral, Halifax, at the burial of the late Sir John Thompson, and in order to get truth and realism has procured through the kindness of Lady Aberdeen the pall, which has been hung in the same position with the same lighting as on the occasion of its use. This is only one of the many difficulties to be overcome in a work like this. The picture is not sufficiently advanced to enable one to speak of it with fairness, but many of the portraits of those present, although not yet complete, are excellent—Lord Aberdeen, the Lieutenant-Governor of several of the provinces the Archbishop and a number of Bishops. Mr. Bell-Smith expects to work at this picture all summer, and will probably have to visit Halifax to finish one of the portraits and procure further details of the architecture.

Messrs. L. R. O'Brien, W. D. Blatchley and C. M. Manly are three of our artists who have been late sketching zealously in the suburbs of the city. Messrs. Cruickshank and Atkinson left this week for Murray Bay.

Mr. F. McGillivray Knowles will be the representative of the Ontario Society of Artists at the Winnipeg Exhibition next month.

Mr. R. F. Gagen has removed to his residence on the Island for the summer.

LYNN C. DOYLE

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon MUST accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents will not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

MATTA.—Glad to hear from you, dear girl. Your and your friends' messages to Lady Gay are welcome. She is down your way now; wonder if you'll see her? I do think five feet eight inches is a good length for a girl—funny child!

MULTEM IN PARVO.—You are sensitive to surroundings, fond of pleasure, and appreciative of refinement; have sympathy, imagination, and agreeable temper. You lack snap and decision. I will look up the violin matter.

MARGOT HOWE.—I don't remember your writing. It shows a large and appreciative nature, a rather ambitious mind and a good deal of natural talent. You will be firm and your purpose constant. A strong, capable and womanly woman. There is excellent force and courage in you and a liberal outlook.

MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK.—1. I believe in everything, and that one can obtain knowledge of one's fellows by the means you mention. 2. Your writing shows some energy, much refinement, and some self-will. You are imaginative, enterprising, and a bright reasoner, with good sequence of ideas and a slight pessimistic turn.

AUDREY ALLAN.—This is a pleasant and gracious type, gentle and persuasive, somewhat of an idealist, fond of social pleasure. Writer is tenacious, but not aggressive in opinion, has some facility of expression and a good deal of tact; a sympathetic nature, rather susceptible and wishing to be loved. Enclosure is fine.

A. L. L.—Your life is marred by misplaced emphasis. Put your force in the right place, and take pains to acquire poise. There is talent, originality and a good deal of thought in your lines. Warm affection, love of the soft side and bright perception are shown. It is an interesting nature and capable of great development, but lacks deliberation and sequence of ideas. Strive to be reasonable.

GEYSER.—You are naturally good-natured and easy to get on with; like to talk about yourself, and have a little and bright nature. You are honest, frank, and prone to overlook little things which often make for success. You are not marked in aim, practical and matter-of-fact, a little bit selfish and need discipline. I think time will help you.

RED-BURN.—I have given names of graphological books a dozen times in these columns. Get Frost on Graphology, Rosa Baughan's work, and the Essays by Nelson Thorpe. A very clever French book, Crepius-Gamin's Study of Handwritings, is good. Your writing shows ambition and energy, carelessness, bright perception and some cleverness. It is refined and apt to be successful.

GISMOND.—I. Try Grimsby, Oakville, or Penetanguishene. If you don't mind the country, also Muskoka. 2. I don't care to announce such a personal matter in this column. 3. Your writing shows fine energy and enterprise; your judgment and sense of proportion are very defective, moody, variable and impulsive erratic. It is a hand worthy of development and shows some fine traits in crude state.

WASHINGTON.—1. What about women who have homes and no children? It is all very well to say woman's true sphere is in the home, but lots of women are then deprived of a true sphere. Let every woman work out her own salvation in her own way, my friend. 2. Your writing is crude but shows care and

deliberation, anxiety for perfection, rather a conventional turn, some willfulness and a very slightly reasoning power. There is much force and energy.

MONSTER.—1. There is no stated number for an edition. Five hundred or one thousand might be had. I once published 750. 2. St. Anthony was a saint of the Catholic church who was born about A. D. 321 in Upper Egypt. He lived a lonely and ascetic life, and died aged 105. He is almost the most popular saint in the Church of Rome. 3. Don't know the date you require. 4. Your writing is too immature.

TELLA NOVA.—1. The Trilby question is dead and buried. The objection to young girls reading the book was that the heroine was an immoral woman, and her life utterly loose and wrong. 2. Your writing shows high-strung, conservative and sensitive nature, fond of your own belongings, and of even temperament, not desponding nor volatile; careful, thoughtful, and essentially feminine. Administrative ability and a certain quiet persistence are shown. You are eminently frank and social.

YOUNGSTER.—1. I am glad you are a friend of mine, for you have such good points; you are sure to be a decent sort of a friend. 2. You are reliable, discreet in speech and capable of guarding a secret; when necessary, reasonably hopeful, a little disposed to hold what you have, very good-tempered, not very impressionable, though probably popular and gallant. You should not ask me about dancing if you know me awfully well, dear boy. I am afraid it's one of my strongest weaknesses any time. You are straightforward and energetic, but not capable of very delicate perception; very little nonsense about you.

TAYLOR.—1. Your letter is only just opened. Are you not of foreign extraction? 2. Your writing is original and very interesting. Shows refinement, candor and attention to details, rather a reserved nature, but ability to adapt yourself to circumstances. There is a suggestion of adaptation, perhaps, from another land to this. You are very even-tempered, matter-of-fact and slow to accept new ideas and impulses. There is a great deal of character, albeit not self-assertive, and much worthy of admiration. I should fancy you were a very good business man, where attention, trustfulness and responsibility were needed. Your tastes are refined and your sympathies keen.

R. P. G.—I have just opened your letter and am filled with alarm. This is really the first time any body has threatened me. As to your letter of last year, if I got it, it was duly answered—unless it was cheeky. Perhaps you have a right to address me, over three initials, as "My dear girl," being, as you assure me, one of my very best friends. I rather thought I had passed the "dead girl" stage; however, let it go. Since you threatened never to buy another SATURDAY NIGHT if you were not answered immediately, you probably won't see this acknowledgment of your familiarity.

The Organist of Olivet Baptist Church.
Mr. E. F. Kerr, organist Olivet Baptist church, Montreal, has selected and purchased a Pratte Piano for his own use.

Customer—Here, don't you guarantee a perfect fit of everything that goes from your place? Tailor—Certainly. Is there anything you wish altered? Customer—Yes. Cut down this bill—it's too large for my pocketbook.

Uncle Bob—Well, Jack, have you learned anything at school you didn't know before? Jack (roguishly)—Yes; I've learned to play "hooky."

Nature Slowly Makes Ready.

You have probably never seen a volcano in eruption. It is a magnificent spectacle. Where do all those torments of hell that they come from? Nobody can tell exactly that they come from some place down deep in the earth. But one thing we know, namely, that eruptions of any one volcano are far apart. Between whiles Nature is getting ready for them; she is preparing for the tremendous demonstration.

Just so it is with all her progress. In the cold of winter she is arranging the forces which are to make the heat and the harvests of the following summer, and so on.

From May, 1890, to February 1892, is a period of twenty-one months. The two dates will long remain clear in the mind of Mrs. Martha Bowles of 182 Clangefield road, Morriston, near Swansea. For the first was the beginning and the second the ending of an experience which was bad enough in itself, yet only the introduction to something vastly worse. It was like the time of getting ready for a great trouble to come.

Her first sense of this was indefinite and vague, like the low muttering of thunder below the horizon while the skies are yet clear. She expresses it thus, in the very words most of us use on similar occasions, "I felt that something was wrong with me—something hanging over me." A. L. L.—Your life is marred by misplaced emphasis. Put your force in the right place, and take pains to acquire poise. There is talent, originality and a good deal of thought in your lines. Warm affection, love of the soft side and bright perception are shown. It is an interesting nature and capable of great development, but lacks deliberation and sequence of ideas. Strive to be reasonable.

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that is a sure sign. The kidney secretion was the color of blood instead of a clear amber, which meant that the trouble had already reached those important organs. Then the stomach was upset and refused to take kindly to food—as though the millet went your grain back, declining to grind it. She vomited a sour bitter fluid which she could not get rid of from her stomach. On and on along this line, constantly getting fatter and fatter from the happy land of health; this was the history of those twenty-one months, all bad enough, yet all preparatory for worse ones.

"On August 18, 1892, she says in her letter, "I began to have terrible pain in the right side, and it continued to increase, and extended across the stomach. For hours together I was in the greatest agony. What I suffered is past description. When the pain ceased a little I was cold as death and shivered until the bed shook under me. I had hot iron plates applied to my feet, and held hot irons in my hands, but nothing



NERUDA-HALLE.

The large and fine-toned organ of Jarvis street Baptist church is to receive a new mechanical equipment which, it is claimed, will render it the finest instrument in the city, whether for church or solo purposes. The present mechanical arrangements, both key and stop, are to be replaced by the most modern developments in organ actions, namely, the electro-pneumatic, by the progressive firm of S. R. Warren & Son, Toronto. Whilst not the first electric organ erected in Toronto, it will be the first to embody all the latest improvements in the system which, in both England and America, is superseding other actions, particularly in larger instruments. When completed it is believed the organ will not only be the most brilliant and powerful in the city, but also the most convenient for purposes of registration both for solo playing and choir accompanying, although not absolutely the largest so far as number of speaking stops is concerned. The following copy of the specifications, which were drawn up by the organist of the church, Mr. A. S. Vogt, will be of interest to the profession generally, special attention being directed to the splendid coupling system, which with the new key and stop action will constitute the main new features of the organ:

Compass of Manuals, C.C. to C..... 61 notes.
Compass of Pedals, C.C.C. to F..... 30 notes.

GREAT ORGAN.

| | Notes. Ft. |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Double Open Diapason | Metal and Wood. 61 16 |
| 2. Open Diapason | Metal. 61 8 |
| 3. Gamba | " 61 8 |
| 4. Dulciana | " 61 8 |
| 5. Doppel Flöte | Wood. 61 8 |
| 6. Concert Flute | " 61 4 |
| 7. Lieblich Flute | " 61 4 |
| 8. Principal | Metal. 61 4 |
| 9. Nazard | " 61 28 |
| 10. Doublette | " 61 2 |
| 11. Mixture, three ranks | " 183 |
| 12. Trumpet | " 61 8 |
| 13. Positiv | " 61 8 |

SWELL ORGAN.

| | |
|--------------------------|-------------|
| 14. Bourdon (Treble) | Wood. 61 16 |
| 15. Bourdon (Bass) | " 61 8 |
| 16. Violin Diapason | Metal. 61 8 |
| 17. Salicional | " 61 8 |
| 18. Aeoline | " 61 8 |
| 19. Stopped Diapason | Wood. 61 4 |
| 20. Flute d'Amour | Metal. 61 4 |
| 21. Octave | " 61 4 |
| 22. Violina | " 61 4 |
| 23. Flageolet | " 61 2 |
| 24. Mixture, three ranks | " 183 |
| 25. Cornopean | " 61 8 |
| 26. Oboe | " 61 8 |
| 27. Vox Humana | " 61 8 |

CHOIR ORGAN.

| | |
|------------------------------|---------------------|
| 28. Open Diapason | " 61 8 |
| 29. Dulciana (Grooved Bass). | Metal and Wood 61 8 |
| 30. Melodia (Stopped Bass) | Wood. 61 8 |
| 31. Harmonic Flute | Metal. 61 4 |
| 32. Piccolo | " 61 2 |
| 33. Clarinet | " 61 8 |
| 34. Contra Fagott | " 49 16 |

PEDAL ORGAN.

| | |
|-------------------|-------------|
| 35. Open Diapason | Wood. 30 16 |
| 36. Bourdon | " 30 16 |
| 37. Violoncello | Metal. 30 8 |
| 38. Flute | Wood. 30 8 |
| 39. Octave | Metal. 30 4 |
| 40. Bombarde | " 30 16 |

COUPLERS.

| | |
|---------------------------------|--|
| 41. Swell to Great, Unison. | |
| 42. " " Sub Octave. | |
| 43. " " Super Octave. | |
| 44. " to Choir, Unison. | |
| 45. " " Sub Octave. | |
| 46. " " Super Octave. | |
| 47. Choir to Great, Unison. | |
| 48. " " Sub Octave. | |
| 49. " " Super Octave. | |
| 50. Swell at Octaves on itself. | |
| 51. Great to Pedal. | |
| 52. Swell to Pedal. | |
| 53. Choir to Pedal. | |
| 54. Tremolo to Swell. | |

Three Combination Pistons to Great Organ.
Four " " to Swell "
Three " " to Choir "
Two " " pedals to Pedal.
Crescendo Pedal.
Full Organ Pedal.
Balance Swell.

The concert given in the Pavilion on Thursday evening of last week under the auspices of the College of Music, proved to be a very gratifying success. The large building was crowded to the doors, and the various performers were enthusiastically applauded, and in several instances encored. A fine programme was submitted, including a number of solo and ensemble piano forte selections, vocal numbers and recitations. The piano numbers were contributed by the following pupils of Mr. H. M. Field, viz.: Mrs. F. W. Lee, Miss Gunther, Miss Beatrice Carter, Miss Topping, Miss Birnie and Miss Austin. The numbers performed were Hiller's F sharp minor Concerto by Mrs. Lee; the Gounod-Liszt Faust Concerto by Miss Gunther; Mozart's D minor Concerto with Reinecke Cadenza, by Miss Carter; Hensel's Variations in E, and Saint-Saens' Concerto in G minor by Miss Carter, and Dussek's Concerto in G minor by Miss Austin. Of Mrs. Lee, Miss Topping and Miss Gunther, whose excellent work has frequently been mentioned during the past season in this column, it is but necessary to state that they played with their usual artistic finish and technical proficiency. Of the others, who have not been studying with Mr. Field so long, it might be said that Miss Birnie, who has won the gold medal annually awarded by Mr. Field, played with much freedom and breadth of style generally. Miss Austin created a decided impression in the Dussek Concerto, and Miss Carter in her work gave abundant promise of a very successful future. It might be mentioned in this connection that Miss Topping leaves for Germany in August to continue her studies

there under Herr Martin Krause, the eminent pedagogue of Leipzig. Vocal numbers by Miss Florence MacPherson and Mr. Carnahan, pupils of Sig. Tesserman, and by Mrs. J. N. McGann, pupil of Mr. Torrington, were given with excellent effect. Miss Annie Richardson and Miss Tessie McCallum contributed several readings and were loudly applauded. The accompaniments were played by Miss Jennie Williams, a pupil of Mr. W. J. McNally.

The last of a series of recitals by vocal pupils of Miss Reynolds, at the Conservatory of Music, was given on Thursday evening last in the presence of a large and enthusiastic audience. The recital was characterized by the many points of excellence which have been noted in this column from time to time during the past season, of Miss Reynolds' work generally. The names of the pupils contributing to the programme included a number who have already gained more than local distinction as vocalists, as the following list will show, namely: Misses Bertha A. Tucker, Gertrude Wilcox, Lolo Ronan, Elsa Idle, Mima Lund, Gertie Black, Alice McCarron, Annie Hallworth, Teresa Tymon, Mrs. R. J. Walker, Messrs. Geo. H. Doherty, W. F. Hayes, H. C. Johnson and H. P. Stutchbury. The programme included eleven solos, two duets, and two quartettes, covering a wide range of vocal work. The series of which the concert under notice was the last, embraced selections from standard oratorios and operas and the works of classic and popular song writers. The admirable material with which Miss Reynolds has been working for some seasons past is perhaps the best proof of her ability and conscientiousness as a teacher. In order to ensure loyalty and maintain interest among a large list of capable and earnest students, something more than ordinary ability and tact is necessary, qualifications which, by the way, many teachers are deficient in. The recital was varied through several piano solos by Miss May Kirkpatrick, and a mandolin solo by Miss Cottam. The accompaniments were efficiently played by Miss Edith M. Crittenden.

The annual piano recital given by the eminent American virtuoso, Mr. W. H. Sherwood, under the auspices of the Conservatory of Music, is always an event of much interest and importance, and the one given on Monday evening last at Conservatory Hall was no exception to the rule which has governed Mr. Sherwood's recitals here in the past. A large audience, including many of our most prominent local musicians, was in attendance. Mr. Sherwood's brilliant performances of the chosen numbers evoked the greatest enthusiasm. It is doubtful whether he has ever presented a more attractive programme than on this occasion. He has certainly never appealed to better advantage. The programme embraced Haberbiel's Prelude from Etudes Poètes; Guilmant's Fugue in D (arranged from organ score by Mme. Rive-King); the Beethoven-Liszt arrangement of the Allegretto from Eighth Symphony; Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata, op. 57, F minor: Liszt's transcription of Chopin's Polish Song; a group of five Chopin numbers; Sherwood's Ethelinda, op. 14, No. 2, and Exhalation, op. 14, No. 3; Chopin's Barcarolle, op. 60, and Liszt's Grand Polonaise in E. After the recital, Mr. Sherwood was entertained by the members of the Clef Club at their club-room. Mr. Sherwood, by the way, is an honorary member of the Clef Club, having been the first one thus elected.

I am informed that it is the intention of the Toronto Philharmonic to produce Rossini's Stabat Mater in October next with a strong cast of soloists and a good orchestra. The programme of the society for the balance of the season is to include the annual Messiah performance at Christmas time, and a festival in May in honor of Her Majesty the Queen and in commemoration of her phenomenally long reign, which will then, I believe, be the longest on record in modern history. All the other musical societies of the city, I am told, are to be invited to participate in this event. From which it will be seen that the Philharmonic are undertaking no small contract for the coming year. There has, however, been so much smoke and so little fire during the past few years regarding promises of great things musical, that a certain feeling of scepticism has grown up in the community which it is hoped will do much to remove. There have been innumerable festivals on paper for some years past in this city. Let us all pray that something substantial may soon come of some of them.

An enjoyable piano recital was given at Pickering College on Tuesday evening of last week by Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, examiner in music at that institution. Mr. Tripp's programme embraced the Presto Giocoso from Bach's Italian Concerto, Beethoven's Adagio Sostenuto and Allegretto from the Moonlight Sonata, two Preludes by Chopin, Grieg's The Butterly, Moszkowski's Air de Ballet, Moszkowski's Valse in E, op. 34, No. 1; Holländer's March, op. 60, and Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor with orchestral accompaniment on second piano by Miss Frances S. Morris. The large audience present was very enthusiastic, and Mr. Tripp was frequently recalled. Miss Maggie Huston of Toronto, who assisted, sang with her accustomed success Clay's Sands O'Dee, Tosti's Good Bye, Tosti's Serenade, and Smith's If I But Knew. She was also most cordially received and created a decided impression.

The May number of the Canadian magazine, *Our Monthly*, contains a very interesting sketch of the artistic career of the well known Toronto vocal teacher, Mme. Stuttaford. Among the many musical experiences in the life of this talented lady, none are of greater interest than several which are recorded of her prior to her marriage to Mr. A. J. S. Stuttaford, who is well and favorably known as an ardent lover of music. In 1846 she enjoyed the rare distinction of having sung as soloist in the Elijah at a Philharmonic concert in Exeter Hall under the baton of Mendelssohn himself. Her concert experience in England was a very successful one, and her subsequent work as a leading member of a grand opera company won for her the encomiums of many leading critics in the earlier sixties. Her success as a specialist in vocal culture in Toronto is also referred to,

several portraits of her best known pupils being given in the sketch.

At the recent commencement exercises in connection with the University of Toronto, held at the Pavilion, considerable interest was shown in the result of the musical examinations for the Mus. Bac. degree. Five successful candidates were presented by Mr. Torrington, Miss Martin, a pupil of the Toronto College of Music, Mr. T. C. Jeffers of the College staff, and Miss Mansfield of the same institution, passed all the musical examinations. Miss Mansfield, however, will require to matriculate before being entitled to the Mus. Bac. degree. Mr. Jackson, Miss Tandy and Miss Paget were the other recipients of the degree. The second year candidates who successfully passed the theoretical and practical examinations were Misses Addison, Haworth, O'Hara, Husband, F. H. Burt, and in the first year Miss Snider, all of the Toronto College of Music.

Mr. A. D. Jordan, one of Mr. Torrington's most talented organ pupils, gave a recital at the College of Music on Wednesday evening of last week, playing the following fine programme: Handel-Zadok the Priest (coronation anthem); Wely-Allegretto Cantabile; Lemmens-Grand Elevation in E minor; Rheinberger-Intermezzo; Dubois-Chorus Magnus; Thome-Simple Ave; Smart-Con Moto Moderato; Saint-Sens-Elevation; Bach-Toccata in F; Handel-Allegro from G Minor Concerto; Weber-Euryanthe Overture. Mr. Jordan's playing revealed a well developed manual and pedal technique, a good style and a general breadth of interpretation at once flattering to himself and his capable instructor. Miss Lulu Dundas sang several numbers with good effect, being encored for her rendering of the old Scotch song, Mary of Argyle.

The musical examinations at Loretto Abbey, which were conducted by Mr. A. S. Vogt on Thursday and Friday of last week, resulted as follows: Special honor certificate in advanced instrumental music, Miss McMahon; gold medal in instrumental music, Miss Le Bel; silver medal in instrumental music, Miss Edith Mason and Miss G. Jones; silver medal for vocal music, Miss Chapin; silver lyre in junior music department, Miss M. O'Dea. The very high standing of Loretto Abbey musically, which has frequently been noted in this column, is being consistently maintained. Both in instrumental and vocal music unusually satisfactory results were attained this season such as entitle those in charge of the musical arrangements of the school to every possible credit.

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An entertainment of a high order, and one particularly suited to ladies' church or literary, like colleges, conventions, drawing rooms, etc., is Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison's (Soprano) recital-lecture, *The Music of French Canada*. I am pleased to learn that it is Mrs. Harrison's intention to give this fine entertainment during the coming season at various points, and can heartily recommend the lecture as an exceptionally instructive and interesting paper on a subject which should attract attention in all parts of our country.

With one more rehearsal on Monday evening next the Elijah chorus will take a vacation for the summer. The chorus has done good work this year, and with a few exceptions has reached its complement of voices. The success of organization and formation of this fine body of singers is principally due to an energetic and wide-awake chorus committee, of which Mr. S. T. Church is chairman, and Mr. Andrew Tilley secretary.

Mr. W. O. Forsyth, director of the Metropolitan School of Music, will spend his summer vacation on the sea coast of New Brunswick.

At a special musical service recently given in St. Michael's cathedral, Madame Bonvini sang with fine effect Cherubini's beautiful Ave Maria.

Moderato.

MISS FANNIE SULLIVAN (Fellow Toronto College of Music)
Concert Pianist and Accompanist
Choir Director of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, and teacher of the Piano at the Toronto College of Music. Concert engagements and pupils accepted. Address: 24 Parliament Street, or The Toronto College of Music. Telephone 1062.

MISS PALMIRA BONVINI (Mrs. Prof. O'Brien Prima Donna Soprano from Milan and principal concert in Europe, receives pupils for Artistic Singing and Voice Production. Highest references from past and present pupils and press opinions on application at her studio, 21 Jarvis Street. Concert engagements accepted.

J. W. F. HARRISON (Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church. Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. Teacher of Piano and Organ at Toronto Conservatory of Music. Bishop Strachan School, Miss Veals' School. 13 Dunbar Road Rosedale.

MR. W. E. FAIRCLough, F.R.C.O. (Organist and Choirmaster All Saints' Church. Musical Director Hamilton Ladies' College. Teacher of Piano and Organ Playing and Theory. Harmony and Counterpoint taught by correspondence. Address: 6 Glen Road, or Toronto Coll. of Music.

HELEN M. MOORE Mus. Bac.

Piano and Theory
Experienced in preparing pupils for the Toronto University examinations in music.

Piano pupil of Mr. H. M. Field. Address—

24 Maitland St., or Toronto College of Music.

Prospectus sent free.

MISS ADA E. S. HART CONCERT PIANIST

Has now returned from Europe after studying with the celebrated Lisztner of Vienna.

Teacher of Paderevskij.

Limited number of pupils received. For terms, engagements, etc., address care of Messrs. Nordheimer, No. 1 A, Harbord Street.

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A certain rich young man, whom a University had just given the freedom of the world, decided he would become famous.

Going to the nearest lunatic asylum, he secured the release of the patient whose intellect was most hopelessly distorted. At a neighbor-

boring eye infirmary he procured a person of absolutely inaccurate vision.

With the assistance of these two—one as editor, the other as art director—he started a New Magazine.

It was a huge success. Nobody understood it and everybody bought it.

He was famous. But he lost both his mind and his eyes from trying to read his own magazine.

The moral of which is that you may buy an infirmary, but you cannot bribe it to stay away.

William's Forgiving Spirit.

The Emperor William has just nominated the Baron de Kroisick Grand Cross of the Red Eagle. The Baron was formerly Colonel of the regiment of Hussars in which William served before his accession to the throne. One evening at mess young William, then simply captain, had invited the Archduke Rudolph to dine with him. The conversation turned upon the proposed reforms for the cavalry, which had been refused as impracticable. William declared himself for these reforms, and asserted his opinion with so much impetuosity and arrogance that the Colonel, heated with too copious libations, said brusquely, to him "It is absurd nonsense," and turned into ridicule what the Prince had said. "It is well, Colonel," replied William; "to-day you are my superior, and I bow before your opinion, but some day our positions may change, and then you will see." "That day," cried the Colonel, forgetting himself entirely, "I will break my sword rather than serve under your command!" The two Princes then rose and went away, and, contrary to what the General had expected, William never said a word about this incident either to his father or to the King, his grandfather, and the Baron thought no more about the subject. When the young Prince, his former subordinate, ascended the throne, he expected to receive orders to beat a retreat from the Army, but, instead, William II. made him a General, confided to him the direction of the cavalry school at Hanover, and appeared to have a great respect for his former Colonel, and even a little fear; and the latest favor he has shown him has been to decorate him with the Order of the Red Eagle.

Does Miss Gushington's father look with favor on your suit?" "I think so; he always lets me pay for the drinks."—*Chicago Record*.

Banner—The foreigners are getting an awful hold on this country. Crosby—They are, indeed. Why, I read over a list of men naturalized by the court yesterday, and, by thunder, every one of them was a foreigner.—*Philadelphia North American*.

Reginald—Time brings about some odd changes, doesn't it? Harold—I should say it did. Look at the matter of costumes. Why, when we played tennis, we turned our trousers up at the bottom, and now that we play golf we turn our stockings down from the top.—*Woonsocket Reporter*.

Hawkins received a notice from the city the other day to come around and get a new license for his dog, as the old permit had expired. "What did he do?" "He wrote back that so had he."

"Doctor," said he, "I'm a victim of insomnia. I can't sleep if there's the least noise—such as a cat on the back fence, for instance." "This powder will be effective," replied the physician after compounding a prescription. "When do I take it, doctor?" "You don't take it. You give it to the cat, in a little milk."

Miss Justout—What do you consider the marriageable age? Ounal Knight—Anywhere between the seminary and the cemetery.

"Let me take the blamed thing home," said the patient, as the dentist relieved him of his aching molar; "I want to take it home and poke sugar in it to see it ache!"

"Break, break, break, At the foot of thy crags, O sea!" But the awful bills of the Beach Hotel Are the things that are breaking me.

Trivet—Ours is a very contradictory language. Dicer—Go on. Trivet—The term, a sad dog, usually means a particularly gay chap.

DIAMOND HALL

\$50 Rings

Those Single Stone Diamond Rings recently placed on the market by us are somewhat of a mystery to those who know diamond values.

Our confidence in them pleasing is such that we cheerfully refund money received on mail orders should it be asked for.

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Columbia Bicycles

STANDARD OF THE WORLD.



COLUMBIA STEEL TUBE MILLS.

One of the Pope Mfg. Co.'s five great factories at Hartford, Conn.

YEARS of testing and proving demonstrated that ordinary steel tubing would not do for Columbia Bicycles. The quality was uncertain; the supply of the best was limited. Therefore our own great tube mills, shown above, for making all our steel tubing. No tubing in the world to-day equals the Columbia high-carbon-steel and nickel-steel tubing for strength and rigidity. You are sure of quality when you buy a Columbia.

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Columbia Art Catalogue, telling fully of all Columbias, and of Hartford Bicycles, trustworthy machines of lower price, is free from any Columbia agent; by mail for two 2-cent stamps.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

We appoint but one selling agent in a town, and do not sell to jobbers or middlemen. If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

MCDONALD & WILLSON, Agents, 187 Yonge St., Toronto



NESTLE'S FOOD is a complete and entire diet for Babies, and closely resembles Mother's Milk. Over all the world Nestle's Food has been recognized for more than thirty years as possessing great value. Your physician will confirm this statement.

NESTLE'S FOOD is safe. It requires only the addition of water to prepare it for use. The great danger attendant on the use of cow's milk is thus avoided.

Consult your doctor about Nestle's Food and send to us for a large sample can and our book, "The Baby," both of which will be sent free on application.

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33 St. Sulpice St., Montreal.

Successors to Thos. Leeming & Co.

Upholstered Furniture Sale

Special Values Offered

The Toronto Furniture Supply Co., Ltd., are offering this month extra special values and showing the finest and most varied assortment of wire and iron back stuff-over easy chair Parlor Suites in the newest American designs; handsome three pieces mahogany Parlor Furniture, Tables, Cabinets, Rockers, &c. Our stock of Furniture Coverings are second to none in this city and comprise the newest patterns.

We make a specialty doing reliable artistic upholstering, and employ only the most skilled upholsterers.

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Apply at offices SHEPPARD PUB. CO., Ltd.



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TORONTO LADIES are enthusiastic in the praise of this bicycle, whose graceful beauty, strength, simplicity and smoothness makes it pre-eminently the wheel for women.

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Select Riding Academy: GRANITE RINK

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TORONTO JUNCTION



NERUDA-HALLE.

The large and fine-toned organ of Jarvis street Baptist church is to receive a new mechanical equipment which, it is claimed, will render it the finest instrument in the city, whether for church or solo purposes. The present mechanical arrangements, both key and stop, are to be replaced by the most modern developments in organ actions, namely, the electro-pneumatic, by the progressive firm of S. R. Warren & Son, Toronto. Whilst not the first electric organ erected in Toronto, it will be the first to embody all the latest improvements in the system which, in both England and America, is superseding other actions, particularly in larger instruments. When completed it is believed the organ will not only be the most brilliant and powerful in the city, but also the most convenient for purposes of registration both for solo playing and choir accompanying, although not absolutely the largest so far as number of speaking stops is concerned. The following copy of the specifications, which were drawn up by the organist of the church, Mr. A. S. Vogt, will be of interest to the profession generally, special attention being directed to the splendid coupling system, which with the new key and stop action will constitute the main new features of the organ:

Compass of Manuals, C.C. to C..... 61 notes.

Compass of Pedals, C.C.C. to F..... 28 notes.

GREAT ORGAN.

Notes, Ft.

| | | | |
|--------------------------|----------------|-----|----|
| 1. Double Open Diapason | Metal and Wood | 61 | 16 |
| 2. Open Diapason | Metal | 61 | 8 |
| 3. Gamba | " | 61 | 8 |
| 4. Dulciana | " | 61 | 8 |
| 5. Doppel Flöte | Wood | 61 | 8 |
| 6. Concert Flute | " | 61 | 4 |
| 7. Lieblich Flute | " | 61 | 4 |
| 8. Principal | Metal | 61 | 4 |
| 9. Nazard | " | 61 | 2 |
| 10. Doublette | " | 61 | 1 |
| 11. Mixture, three ranks | " | 183 | |
| 12. Trumpet | " | 61 | 8 |
| 13. Positane | " | 61 | 8 |

SWELL ORGAN.

| | | | |
|--------------------------|-------|-----|----|
| 14. Bourdon (Treble) | Wood | 61 | 16 |
| 15. Bourdon (Bass) | " | 61 | 8 |
| 16. Violin Diapason | Metal | 61 | 8 |
| 17. Salicional | " | 61 | 8 |
| 18. Aeoline | " | 61 | 8 |
| 19. Stopped Diapason | Wood | 61 | 4 |
| 20. Flute d'Amour | Metal | 61 | 4 |
| 21. Octave | " | 61 | 4 |
| 22. Violina | " | 61 | 4 |
| 23. Flageolet | " | 61 | 4 |
| 24. Mixture, three ranks | " | 183 | |
| 25. Cornopean | " | 61 | 8 |
| 26. Oboe | " | 61 | 8 |
| 27. Vox Humana | " | 61 | 8 |

CHOIR ORGAN.

| | | | |
|-----------------------------|----------------|----|----|
| 28. Open Diapason | " | 61 | 8 |
| 29. Dulciana (Grooved Bass) | Metal and Wood | 61 | 8 |
| 30. Melodia (Stopped Bass) | Wood | 61 | 8 |
| 31. Harmonic Flute | Metal | 61 | 8 |
| 32. Piccolo | " | 61 | 2 |
| 33. Clarinet | " | 61 | 8 |
| 34. Contra Fagott | " | 49 | 16 |

PEDAL ORGAN.

| | | | |
|-------------------|-------|----|----|
| 35. Open Diapason | Wood | 30 | 16 |
| 36. Bourdon | " | 30 | 16 |
| 37. Violoncello | Metal | 30 | 8 |
| 38. Flute | Wood | 30 | 4 |
| 39. Octave | Metal | 30 | 4 |
| 40. Bombarde | " | 30 | 16 |

COUPLERS.

| | | | |
|--------------------------------|--|--|--|
| 41. Swell to Great, Unison | | | |
| 42. " " Sub Octave | | | |
| 43. " " Super Octave | | | |
| 44. " to Choir, Unison | | | |
| 45. " " Sub Octave | | | |
| 46. " " Super Octave | | | |
| 47. Choir to Great, Unison | | | |
| 48. " " Sub Octave | | | |
| 49. " " Super Octave | | | |
| 50. Swell at Octaves on itself | | | |
| 51. Great to Pedal | | | |
| 52. Swell to Pedal | | | |
| 53. Choir to Pedal | | | |
| 54. Tremolo to Swell | | | |

Three Combination Pistons to Great Organ.

| | | | |
|------------------|---|----------|----------|
| Four | " | to Swell | " |
| Three | " | to Choir | " |
| Two | " | pedals | to Pedal |
| Crescendo Pedal | | | |
| Full Organ Pedal | | | |
| Balance Swell | | | |

The concert given in the Pavilion on Thursday evening of last week under the auspices of the College of Music, proved to be a very gratifying success. The large building was crowded to the doors, and the various performers were enthusiastically applauded, and in several instances encored. A fine programme was submitted, including a number of solo and ensemble piano forte selections, vocal numbers and recitations. The piano numbers were contributed by the following pupils of Mr. H. M. Field, viz.: Mrs. F. W. Lee, Miss Gunther, Miss Beatrice Carter, Miss Topping, Miss Birnie and Miss Austin. The numbers performed were Hiller's F sharp minor Concerto by Mrs. Lee; the Gounod-Liszt Faust Valse by Miss Gunther; Mozart's D minor Concerto with Reinecke Cadenza, by Miss Carter; Hensel's Variations in E, and Saint-Saens' Concerto in G minor by Miss Topping; Mendelsohn's Concerto in G minor by Miss Carter, and Dussek's Concerto in G minor by Miss Austin. Of Mrs. Lee, Miss Topping and Miss Gunther, whose excellent work has frequently been mentioned during the past season in this column, it is but necessary to state that they played with their usual artistic finish and technical proficiency. Of the others, who have not been studying with Mr. Field so long, it might be said that Miss Birnie, who has won the gold medal annually awarded by Mr. Field, played with much freedom and breadth of style generally. Miss Austin created a decided impression in the Dussek Concerto, and Miss Carter in her work gave abundant promise of a very successful future. It might be mentioned in this connection that Miss Topping leaves for Germany in August to continue her studies

there under Herr Martin Krause, the eminent pedagogue of Leipzig. Vocal numbers by Miss Florence MacPherson and Mr. Carnahan, pupils of Sig. Tesserman, and by Mrs. J. N. McGann, pupil of Mr. Torrington, were given with excellent effect. Miss Annie Richardson and Miss Tessie McCallum contributed several readings and were loudly applauded. The accompaniments were played by Miss Jennie Williams, a pupil of Mr. W. J. McNally.

The last of a series of recitals by vocal pupils of Miss Reynolds, at the Conservatory of Music, was given on Thursday evening last in the presence of a large and enthusiastic audience. The recital was characterized by the many points of excellence which have been noted in this column from time to time during the past season, of Miss Reynolds' work generally. The names of the pupils contributing to the programme included a number who have already gained more than local distinction as vocalists, as the following list will show, namely: Misses Bertha A. Tucker, Gertrude Wilcox, Lolo Roman, Elda Idle, Mima Lund, Gertie Black, Alice McCarron, Annie Hallworth, Teresa Tymon, Mrs. R. J. Walker, Misses, Geo. H. Doherty, W. F. Hayes, H. C. Johnson and H. P. Stutchbury. The programme included eleven solos, two duets, and two quartettes, covering a wide range of vocal work. The series of which the concert under notice was the last, embraced selections from standard oratorios and operas and the works of classic and popular song writers. The admirable material with which Miss Reynolds has been working for some seasons past is perhaps the best proof of her ability and conscientiousness as a teacher. In order to ensure loyalty and maintain interest among a large list of capable and earnest students, something more than ordinary ability and tact is necessary, qualifications which, by the way, many teachers are deficient in. The recital was varied through several solo pieces by Miss May Kirkpatrick, and a mandolin solo by Miss Cottam. The accompaniments were efficiently played by Miss Edith M. Crittenden.

The musical examinations at Loretto Abbey, which were conducted by Mr. A. S. Vogt on Thursday and Friday of last week, resulted as follows: Special honor certificate in advanced instrumental music, Miss McMahon; gold medal in instrumental music, Miss Le Bel; silver medals in instrumental music, Miss Edith Mason and Miss G. Jones; silver medal for vocal music, Miss Chapin; silver lyre in junior music department, Miss M. O'Dea. The very high standing of Loretto Abbey musically, which has frequently been noted in this column, is being consistently maintained. Both in instrumental and vocal music unusually satisfactory results were attained this season such as entitle those in charge of the musical arrangements of the school to every possible credit.

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I am informed that it is the intention of the Toronto Philharmonic to produce Rossini's Stabat Mater in October next with a strong cast of soloists and a good orchestra. The programme of the society for the balance of the season is to include the annual Messiah performance at Christmas time, and a festival in May in honor of Her Majesty the Queen and in commemoration of her phenomenally long reign, which will then, I believe, be the longest on record in modern history. All the other musical societies of the city, I am told, are to be invited to participate in this event. From which it will be seen that the Philharmonic is undertaking no small contract for the coming year. There has, however, been so much smoke and so little fire during the past few years regarding promises of great things musical, that a certain feeling of scepticism has grown up in the community which it is hoped will do much to remove. There have been innumerable festivals on paper for some years past in this city. Let us all pray that something substantial may soon come of some of them.

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An enjoyable piano recital was given at Pickering College on Tuesday evening of last week by Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, examiner in music at that institution. Mr. Tripp's programme embraced the Presto Giocoso from Bach's Italian Concerto, Beethoven's Adagio Sostenuto and Allegretto from the Moonlight Sonata, two Preludes by Chopin, Grieg's The Butterly, Moszkowski's Air de Ballet, Moszkowski's Valse in E, op. 34, No. 1; Hollender's Marsch, op. 60, and Mendelsohn's Concerto in G minor, with orchestral accompaniment on second piano by Miss Frances S. Morris. The large audience present was very enthusiastic, and Mr. Tripp was frequently recalled. Miss Maggie Huston of Toronto, who assisted, sang with her accustomed success Clay's Sands of Dee, Tosti's Good Bye, Tosti's Serenade, and Smith's If I But Knew. She was also most cordially received and created a decided impression.

The May number of the Canadian magazine, *Our Monthly*, contains a very interesting sketch of the artistic career of the well known Toronto vocal teacher, Miss Stuttaford. Among the many musical experiences in the life of this talented lady, none are of greater interest than several which are recorded of her prior to her marriage to Mr. A. J. S. Stuttaford, who is well and favorably known as an ardent lover of music. In 1846 she enjoyed the rare distinction of having sung as a soloist in the Elijah at a Philharmonic concert in Exeter Hall under the baton of Mendelsohn himself. Her concert experience in England was a very successful one, and her subsequent work as a leading member of a grand opera company won for her the encomiums of many leading critics in the earlier sixties. Her success as a specialist in vocal culture in Toronto is also referred to,

several portraits of her best known pupils being given in the sketch.

At the recent commencement exercises in connection with the University of Toronto, held at the Pavilion, considerable interest was shown in the result of the musical examinations for the Mus. Bac. degree. Five successful candidates were presented by Mr. Torrington. Miss Martin, a pupil of the Toronto College of Music, Mr. T. C. Jeffers of the College staff, and Miss Mansfield of the same institution, passed all the musical examinations. Miss Mansfield, however, will require to matriculate before being entitled to the Mus. Bac. degree. Mr. Jackson, Miss Tandy and Miss Paget were the other recipients of the degree. The second year candidates who successfully passed the theoretical and practical examinations were Misses Addison, Haworth, O'Hara, Husband, F. H. Burt, and in the first year Miss Snider, all of the Toronto College of Music.

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Going to the nearest lunatic asylum he secured the release of the patient whose intellect was most hopelessly distorted. At a neigh-

boring eye infirmary he procured a person of absolutely inaccurate vision.

With the assistance of these two—one as editor, the other as art director—he started a New Magazine.

It was a huge success. Nobody understood it and everybody bought it.

He was famous.

But he lost both his mind and his eyes from trying to read his own magazine.

The moral of which is that you may buy an infirmary, but you cannot bribe it to stay away.

William's Forgiving Spirit.

The Emperor William has just nominated the Baron de Krosick Grand Cross of the Red Eagle. The Baron was formerly Colonel of the regiment of Hussars in which William served before his accession to the throne. One evening at mess young William, then simply captain, had invited the Archduke Rudolph to dine with him. The conversation turned upon the proposed reforms for the cavalry, which had been refused as impracticable. William declared himself for these reforms, and asserted his opinion with so much impetuosity and arrogance that the Colonel, heated with too copious libations, said brusquely, to him "It is absurd nonsense," and turned into ridicule what the Prince had said. "It is well, Colonel," replied William; "to-day you are my superior, and I bow before your opinion, but some day our positions may change, and then you will see."

"That day," cried the Colonel, forgetting himself entirely, "I will break my sword rather than serve under your command!" The two Princes then rose and went away, and, contrary to what the General had expected, William never said a word about this incident either to his father or to the King, his grandfather, and the Baron thought no more about the subject. When the young Prince, his former subordinate, ascended the throne, he expected to receive orders to beat a retreat from the Army, but, instead, William II, made him a General, confided to him the direction of the cavalry school at Hanover, and appeared to have a great respect for his former Colonel, and even a little fear; and the latest favor he has shown him has been to decorate him with the Order of the Red Eagle.

"Does Miss Gushington's father look with favor on your suit?" "I think so; he always lets me pay for the drinks."—Chicago Record.

Banner—The foreigners are getting an awful share on this country. Crosby—They are, indeed. Why, I read over a list of men naturalized by the court yesterday, and, by thunder, every one of them was a foreigner.—Philadelphia North American.

Reginald—Time brings about some odd changes, doesn't it? Harold—I should say it did. Look at the matter of costumes. Why, when we played tennis, we turned our trousers up at the bottom, and now that we play golf we turn our stockings down from the top.—Woonsocket Reporter.

Hawkins received a notice from the city the other day to come around and get a new license for his dog, as the old permit had expired. "What did he do?" "He wrote back that so had the dog."

Doctor—"I'm a victim of insomnia. I can't sleep if there's the least noise—such as a cat on the back fence, for instance." "This powder will be effective," replied the physician after compounding a prescription. "When do I take it, doctor?" "You don't take it. You give it to the cat, in a little milk."

Miss Justout—What do you consider the marriageable age? Ounal Knight—Anywhere between the seminary and the cemetery.

Let me take the blamed thing home," said the patient, as the dentist relieved him of his aching molar; "I want to take it home and poke sugar in it to see it ache!"

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the awful bills of the Beach Hotel
Are the things that are breaking me.

Trivet—Ours is a very contradictory language. Dicer—Go on. Trivet—The term, "a sad dog," usually means a particularly gay chap.



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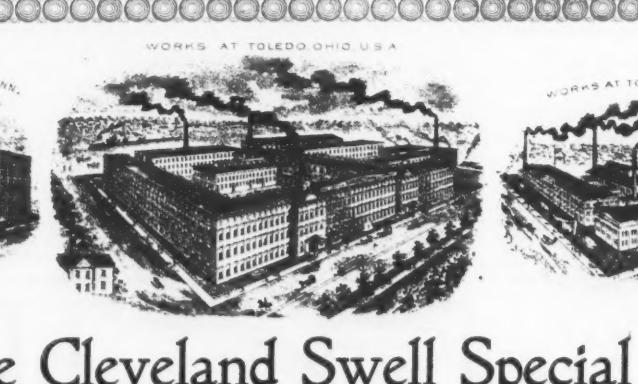
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like it.

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To open the pores,
start the circulation
and give life to the
muscles. It invigorates
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gentle reminder of
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Used either wet or
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All choice goods for Wedding Presents.

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.
Births.

WILSON—June 18, Mrs. Geo. Wilson—a daughter.
REILLY—June 18, Mrs. Frank A. Reilly—a son.
BOARDMAN—June 21, Mrs. E. F. Boardman—a son.
MERRITT—June 9, Mrs. W. H. Merritt—a son.
MURRAY—June 17, Mrs. Wm. C. Murray—a son.
MCLEOD—June 14, Mrs. J. E. McLeod—a son.

Marriages.

CLARK—HEWETSON—At St. Matthias' church, Bellwoods ave., Toronto, on Wednesday, June 24, 1896, by Rev. F. G. Plummer, Adam Clark to Edith Laura, second youngest daughter of John Hewetson, of Toronto.
LITTLE—BENDER—On 17th inst., at 87 Spencer avenue, by Rev. D. C. Hossack of Parkdale Presbyterian Church, Charlotte Florence, youngest daughter of the late Charles Bender, to Mr. George F. Little, of New York.
FORSTER—FAIRHEAD—June 18, Chas. H. Forster to Naomi H. Fairhead.
CLEMENTS—WEAVER—June 17, Abram B. Clements to Florence Belle Weaver.
LATTIMORE—JOHNSON—June 17, Robert Lattimore to Estelle Johnson.
MAJOR—POUCHER—June 17, Albert E. Major to Clara Lavinia Poucher.
DUNNING—ALLEN—June 20, Herbert H. Dunning to Sadie L. Allen.
KELL—BAKER—Carlton Place, June 20, John Kell to Helen Bayne.
LAIDLAW—SAUNDERS—Paisley, June 17, Jas. R. Laidlaw to Julia Saunders.
NASON—MAINTSTONE—June 20, Russell F. Nason to Lizzie Mainstone.
STEWART—GRANGER—June 21, Walter W. Stewart to Margaret Granger.
WILSON—AUSTIN—June 17, James Wilson to Issa B. Austin.
BULL—SCOTT—June 21, Bartle Edward Bull to Elizabeth Scott.
MARSTON—BRIGGS—June 23, William C. Marston to Clara Lewis Briggs.
MULLENS—SEYMORE—June 23, Herbert Percival Mullens to Violet Gwendoline Seymour.
SHOKE—KENT—June 24, Rev. T. E. Egerton Shore, M.A., to Anna Kent.
McCABE—SHANAHAN—June 24, Philip Henry McCabe to Sarah Shanahan.
GRANT—COLBY—June 24, Hector M. Grant to Gussie Colby.
ALDERSON—HAMMOND—June 24, W. Herbert Alderson to Hattie Hammond.

Deaths.

BURGESS—At Northesk, Rosedale, on Sunday, June 21, Jessie Carnegie, dearly beloved wife of Ralph K. Carnegie.
OAG—June 18, John Ogg, aged 30.
MILLAR—Orillia, June 19, Charles Bertram Millar, aged 22.
ROBINSON—June 19, John Beverley Robinson, aged 77.
BULL—June 20, Louis Louis, aged 23.
MILROY—June 20, Maria Louis Milroy.
PULLAR—June 19, Jane Stobie Pullar, aged 79.
BADGEROW—June 22, Elizabeth Badgerow.
BRETHOUR—Brantford, June 22, Henry William Brethour, aged 62.
OSWALD—Guelph, June 23, Janet Oswald, aged 78.
GIANELLI—June 23, Giuseppe M. Gianelli, aged 53.

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MEN'S FINE CASHMERE WOOL 2-PIECE BATHING SUITS—\$2.00 and \$2.50.
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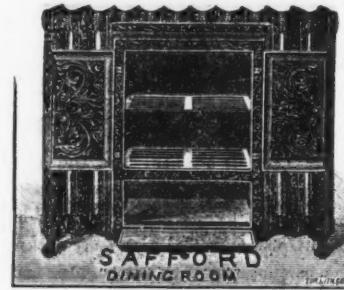
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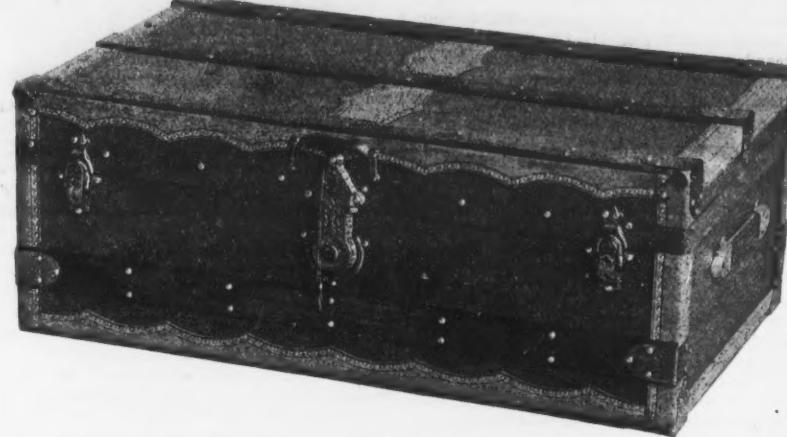
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